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THROUGH THE
MID-LIFE CRISIS

ATWOOD AMONG THE ANIMALS

JUNE 1975

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE



50c

Maclean's

Success hasn't spoiled Barbara Frum
Giving up on Quebec, by Walter Stewart



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Cover: Photograph of Sandra Price by Terry Hendry

Photographs on pages 6 & 12: 16-17 and 67 by David Brown

Photograph on page 10 by Boris Doudik

To receive MACLEAN'S regularly, see subscription cards on page 18

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MACLEAN'S

is published by Maclean's Magazine Limited,

441 University Avenue, Toronto, Ontario

M5G 1S2. Telephone: (416) 593-1234.

Maclean's Magazine is published weekly except

on Mondays. Office: 441 University Avenue, Toronto

Ontario, Canada. Tel: (416) 593-1234.

7000 Maclean's Drive, Toronto, Ontario M5G 1S2.

Subscription prices:

Canada: \$12.95 (12 issues) \$24.95 (24 issues)

Ad rates: contact (416) 593-1234.

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CHANCE OF A DOGHOUSE

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in this issue of MACLEAN'S.

Subscription Department

MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE

BOX 500, PORTLAND, OREGON 97208

TORONTO: ONE YEAR (12

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INSIDE MACLEAN'S

Among other things, Ross Maclean is surprisingly one of Canada's biggest writers, a towering six feet, four inches and 195 pounds. Normally, size doesn't matter much in this business — few novels are taken out of people and typewritten keyboards are pretty standard — but it may have given Maclean an edge in his interview with Dennis T. Pritchard here.



Base, Sears decided, was the perfect physical specimen to play Danny Mulcahy, the brawling, self-determined hero in the CBC television dramatization of *The Last In The Chair* due, he noted that brother Sears and Base together in the film place.

The aging former bowler and the young (26) gentle giant hit it off well from the beginning. Base, a staff writer for Toronto's Sunday Star magazine, was doing a piece on how to write a commercially successful novel, and because *Last* had, at that time, already been on the best-seller list 22 weeks, Sears looked like a good source of information. So Base spent a day with Sears, drinking his beer, and came away with much, much more than he'd come for. Nobody had ever done a profile on Sears, and one needed to be done.

So Base went back to Sears, unearthed much more material than a newspaper could use, and wrote the profile for Maclean's (page 32).

Base started writing for newspapers in his hometown, Brockville, Ontario, when he was 19. He did a year of journalism at Algonquin College in Ottawa, working part-time (nearly full-time), at the Ottawa Journal. He did a few months on the Ottawa Times, then five years on the Windsor Star, the last three in media and television. When the Sunday Star came into existence 18 months ago, the publisher called on Base to come to Toronto.

Actually, like Pierre Berton and Charles Friesen (to name but two writers) Base had suffered dreams of becoming a cartoonist. As a 14-year-old he sent off dozens of cartoons to *Look* and *Punch*, *The Saturday Evening Post* and *The New Yorker*, and was rewarded with dozens of rejection slips. It was then he began to think about another line of work.

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SQUEAKY WHEELS IN SEARCH OF OIL

By Walter Stewart

Now, in one of those rare bills between federal-provincial conferences — with the shreds from the April energy meeting sitting and the agenda for the next one floating up — seems a good time to announce this new level of government. It strikes. Or, to put it in the more measured terms of the political scientist, the federal-provincial conference, while it provides a useful interface between representatives of the various governments, lacks the requisite signal from those most vitally affected, the voters. As I said, it stinks.

Consider the April energy conference as a representative example. What happened? Word went out that the boys had to come to Ottawa to work out the next round of price hikes in the oil and gas business. Alberta, wobbling on top of a stack of dollars slashed in the last round, said it needed more. Ontario, suffering a small decline in its normal financial flow and to hell with that, Saskatchewan and BC, torn between their instant greed as producers (BC of gas, Saskatchewan of oil) and their instant stinginess as consumers, said, well, okay, but the new money had to be earmarked for energy development. Ottawa, with one eye on the millions to be made from its tax rite-off, said that another half would be right. In the wings, the oil companies alternated between satisfaction and terror, as they wondered whether (a) they were going to get to add to their swollen coffers or (b) they would have to allocate any of the new profits — *vrrrr*, they kept telling us, for exploration and development — to exploration and development.

That was Round One, and it all took place long before the Ottawa meeting. Round Two consisted of pension, cabinet ministers, bureaucrats and lobbyists shuffling around the country, exchanging money, seats and position papers in a vain attempt to shift each other off the narrow struts in Round One. Air Canada and Mobil. Well did well out of Round Two, nobody else made a dime.

Round Three consisted of press conferences, background briefings, dog background briefings and planted leaks to the press. Round Four was the conference itself, and there, under the king lights in what used to be a perfectly harmonious railway station in downtown Ottawa, the 11 perfect masters (well, not the viceroy, but he had grown pains with age and stiff with exercise. In Round Five, everybody retired behind closed doors to say the same things a little more kindly so that they could, in Round Six, leak to the press their own varying versions of what was really going on. Then they all went home, except Prime Minister Trudeau, who then there, to warm up for Round Seven, an exchange of letters laying the ground rules for (guess what?) a new conference.

For the public, this kind of performance is either denied or diagnosed. It is denied when nothing happens — all that cheating, all that writhing of postures, waving of arms, raising of challenges, sitting over the wires, dreaming up of new ones, with nothing to show, in the end, but several miles of exposed TV film. But when diagnosis is made, it is a diagnosis, because the nub of the federal-provincial conference is



that it exercises power without responsibility and it permits politicians to skirt deals out of sight.

When they begin on their charges and piling down to Ottawa, who the hell are these guys, anyway? Don't forget Bill Davis, because he is Premier of Ontario, represent one when he swells inside his unfilled shirt and says not to everybody else? Or is it Donald MacDonald, the Minister of Energy, also from Ontario, who stands on guard for my interests when he offers up untold and unguessed millions to the oil companies and tells them to keep the change? I don't know, nobody knows.

The essence of democracy is that the voter must be able to reward those who advance his views and punish those who obstruct his interests by voting his vote accordingly. The essence of the federal-provincial conference is that it spreads around the pain and the glory as a collective decision for which no single government is responsible and to which no single voter can resist. Tiresome time for everyone, blame for no one. It is a fraud.

When that, that, all the real wheeling and dealing is done in secret. This, we are told, allows the participants to speak more freely. And what do they say, these powerful men, once freed from the rule public gaze? Apparently Premier Barrett of BC said he thought the federal government was wrong to push its wage-control program at the very time when all the MPs were rushing to the trough for another pay raise, and the Prime Minister replied, "This is the last time from which I expected to get the kind of crap." The same we would that.

If it weren't for one little thing, it would be possible for the first ministers to spend all their time off camera shouting craps, or waiting out a deal to sell on the whole joint to ITT and have done with it. The one little thing is that everybody knows everybody else is going to leak his version of the closed meetings to the press as fast as his lips will move and his Xerox machine will roll. The secret meetings aren't really secret, they are merely publicized.

Enough. There is no place in the Canadian constitution or parliamentary practice for this new level of government. When these meetings were held once every decade or so they served a useful purpose. But when they are used — as now — merely to push off TV time for elector-sweeping programs and allow the federal government to dodge its responsibility to lead, then they are a fraud, a double fraud, a dangerous fraud.

If the federal cabinet wants to know what the country thinks of what it is doing, let it ask the MPs — that's what they are overpaid for: if it wants a candidate for what it is about to do, let it put the issue to the country squarely, in a referendum (remember referendum?). But this business of sitting everybody down to Ottawa so that later, when everything turns to mud, each political leader can quickly turn around and say, "Don't blame me — Billy does it," this business is nothing but a conspiracy.

PHOTOGRAPH BY GUY A. LOPEZ FOR THE GLOBE AND MAIL



The White Elephant

(Simenoff, white cream de cacao in 1 L)

The drink is a pily named. We couldn't discuss it among ourselves without getting Obamas, we'd have told you about it ages ago.

We agreed on the Simenoff. We agreed on the cream de cacao. But was a White Elephant made with milk? About that, we couldn't agree.

So, we tasted the drink both ways. The milk version was hands down "Delicious," tastes told us. "You hardly know you're drinking liquor."

That's why we opposed putting milk in the drink in the first place," said the people who had opposed milk in the first place. "It goes down too easy."



That's a problem we hadn't faced before. This drink has 2 oz. of liquor in it and if you don't notice it at first, you are sure to feel it later. So, hopefully you'll treat it (and yourself) with respect.

To make a White Elephant Pour 1 oz. Simenoff, 1 oz. white cream de cacao and 1 oz. milk into a short glass with ice. Stir.

Simenoff
It leaves you breathless



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SWEET AGONIES OF A SAILBOAT JUNKIE

By Harry Bruce

This sweet affliction cuts the dawn every few months in the full glare of my sails and for weeks on end it leaves me weak in the knees, feverish in the head, delirious in the darkness, sleepless in the dawn and roughly 35% as efficient as my (fanciful) commentators tell me I've simply got to be. I could cure the affliction with one stupendous wind of money but, since the disease itself gives my earning power, the cure lies in as vicious as a dope addict's. I may hem to crime. The recurrent pleasure of my life is — and has been almost since the birth of humanity — the lust to own my very own big sailboat.

I have owned a number of sailboats and loved them. None has ever been big enough. I can't see myself dropping their dusty heads in the hot harbours of spicy tropical isles, or hugging their figures just against a T-shirted shore. I want a sailboat in which I can stand up, walk around, go to bed, and cook scorchingly fragrant breads of drying fish in the light of a strange sun.

She must have a diesel engine, but she must also sail the way an Arctic tern flies. With strength and unshakable grace. I want her the way a skier, properly, loves to race — a big young girl for a cheerleader who's already a beautiful woman. In his dreams, she'll partly make a man of her and together, they'll ride into heaven on earth.

Murray Stevens cannot fit for a while. Murray is the son of David Stevens. David is the old-age pensioner from the Lanchester who has looked miraculously south-western schooners in his barn and then himself, and eventually won races for the international schooner championship. If there's anyone who builds big wooden schooners as well as David Stevens's Murray and, once building them in his livehood, the sub-vicinity advice he give me was absolute in any I've ever received. We were aboard his father's 46-foot thoroughbred, *Karla Anne II* and, as we crossed the finish line miles ahead of the best schooner New England could come up with that year, it subtly revealed my wishes.

"Listen, Harry," Murray replied. "I divide the world into two kinds of people. There's the nice people and then there's the people who want to own his pleasure boat. Now suppose you really want \$25,000. And suppose you bought a boat with it. Well, right away, you're losing something like \$2,300 a year in interest on that money. And then there's your insurance and your haul-outs, your storage, maintenance and club fees. That brings you around and up to \$3,300, maybe \$4,000, and you know what you could do with that? Every year you could go to the West Indies for a month and you could charter a sailboat. You could get in as much sailing down there as you'd get in a whole summer of Nova Scotia weekends."

This brief, friendly lecture was so effective I did not suffer another attack for seven months. Was it too much to believe that Murray Stevens had seen the future? I dared to hope. But the return of the fever is as certain, as predictable as the blossoming cupresses of bilious optimism.



on a downwind leg of the Southern Ocean Racing Conference. And early this past winter, at about the same time, the ferret stink of my life barrelled me to the door, left me snoring and shivering around, leaping into seas, bubbling at the mouth, and blithering on about depth sounders, short shafts, two-speed winches, roller reefing, genoa gear, spray hoods, bow pulpit, cleats, cleats, cox's, heads, hairpins...

My wife knows the symptoms. She points me a stiff stick of navy rum to calm me down as I'd get some sleep before the next day's madness. In the morning, I jump in the car and tear along the South Shore to the finer glass boat factory in Milford Bay and then on to the *Stevens* sheds near Lunenburg, and then back to the bulletin boards and board-yards of the Halifax yacht clubs, and then to Dartmouth and some yachtbroker's office, and then from a map to the boat ads in the afternoon newspaper and the telephone. That night, I succumb to the hypnosis of four pricking magazines, go to bed late and, like a 10-year-old on Christmas Eve, spend the whole crazy night mentally counting when I desperately hope will be tomorrow's supreme possession.

The weeks, the hours, the days, go on for days. They return for weeks. I plot the financing. Could I pay for her over 15 years? What if I gave up smoking, drinking, the car? Could I get a big, new mortgage on the house? Do boats still tempt victims of love? I phone boatbuilders in Toronto, Quebec, New England.

I phone the owners of the most mouth-watering local yachts, men I've never even met, and I like questions at their at suppers. A woman's voice complains in the background. "It's getting cold," she says, but I plunge ahead anyway. "Well look, Bill — do you mind if I call you Bill?" — what I really want to know is how still she is in a good house of wind. How's the do in the light craft? How many sails you got? You happy with her engine? You mean you'd let me come aboard some evening? Oh no, I couldn't imagine. How about tonight? Right. You just finish up your supper and I'll meet you over at the club."

I bring home handfuls of glossy brochures from every boat show. I've pointed out to me as many boat shows as I can. I wear the older ones recognize me. They see me coming with my little list of questions. There's a flock of sails at the corner of my mouth. My smile is thin and wide. My eyes look hungry. The silences think I don't use them ducking behind a big boat, shoving, and seaking out for drinks.

Each year the prices shoot up. Filter glass and good wood are approximately unobtainable in inflation and, quite literally, last year's \$20,000 yacht is this year's \$25,000 yacht. This does not calm the fever, mixed it excites it. If I don't buy her right now, I tell myself in the beer before dawn, the next price increase will put her even further out of reach.

I'd have to get her soon and I only hope that, when I do, I won't discover that the deepest pleasure has not in the buying but in the yearning. Can it possibly be that unrequited love is actually a blessing?



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IT'S NOT THE RACISTS WHO RUN THE RACES

By John Robertson

Every four years, the Olympic Games offer the world a smorgasbord of winter-sport sport, everything up to but not including doge ball and kick the can.

In 1968 in Mexico City and again in Munich in 1972, the competitive event drew criticism to the Olympic village. The bloodthirsty sporting lords of the International Olympic Committee were supposed to be keeping the peace and the arena for a last-minute elimination drive which could be described as the Munich boycott event.

In 1968, the IOC bowed to a threatened walkout of some of the black athletes and invited South Africa out of the games because of its apartheid policies.

In 1972, despite the fact that Rhodesian athletes had already checked into the Olympic Village in Munich, they got the thumbs by the IOC after militant black athletes stated neither "they go or we go" ultimatum — on the basis of Rhodesia's segregationist regime.

IOC officials, not wanting to seem intimidated by a group of organized athletes, and they weren't really rejecting the Rhodesians because of the presence of the black boycott. It was being done, they said, because it was suddenly discovered that the Rhodesian team had not traveled to the games on British passports.

Under the Olympic rules, all participants must travel to the games on duly authorized documents issued by the country they represent. And since the United Nations has refused to recognize Rhodesia as anything but an illegitimate, hereditary British colony, the IOC acted then way out — knowing full well that the Home Office in Britain would never issue visas to Rhodesian athletes and that the Rhodesian government wouldn't allow them to compete under the British flag, even if Britain complied.

"We'll accept under the Boy Scout flag if it will make everybody happy," said a member of the Rhodesian delegation. Lord Baden-Powell must have spun to his grave.

But the IOC delegates, suddenly free to live with the spectre of an all-white Olympics which would have been both a political and financial disaster, stubbornly cling to the precedent of the United Nations boycott of Rhodesia to keep the athletes out.

The same United Nations, of course, not so long ago invited PLO terrorist leader Yasser Arafat to speak to their august body when he preached the extermination of the State of Israel with a metaphor: one branch in one hand and a pistol in the other. If you have a pistol in one hand it doesn't much matter what you have in the other.

Arafat had already proved that the PLO practices what he preached when the Black September Movement tore the 1972 Olympics apart by slaughtering 11 Jewish athletes. The Black September Movement is one of the six arms of the PLO, one of which are in hands carrying olive branches.

The Arab nations had recognized Arafat as one of their spokesmen to the UN on the Palestinian question. Do you hear a dammy to boycott all athletes from Arab nations



in the next Olympics on the basis not only of the Munich massacre but also the threatened extermination of Israel by their ethnic mosquitoes?

Of course you don't, and for good reason. Young athletes from Arab nations have so far in the decisions of their political leaders — however warped they may be.

And for the same reason, the young athletes of South Africa and Rhodesia should not be made to waver for the racist policies imposed by those who govern them.

On the one hand, the IOC makes a show of coming out strong against racism by banning South Africa and Rhodesia, and on the other hand they blatantly award the 1980 Olympics to Moscow. The Russian track record is well known (remember the invasions of Hungary and Czechoslovakia) hardly qualifies them to sit in judgment on countries such as South Africa and Rhodesia.

And then there's the United States, which made a racist critique out of black athlete Jesse Owens' dramatic performance in the 1936 Olympics in Berlin. Owens won four gold medals in the games and sent Adolf Hitler goose-stepping out of the stadium in something of a snit. The U.S. had little cause to feel superior because black athletes back home were still being persecuted 10 years later by the segregation of professional sports such as major league baseball and National League basketball.

The point of all this is that discrimination is practiced everywhere in varying degrees. As opponents to conditions are in South Africa and Rhodesia, I firmly believe that the Olympics was designed to be safely nonpolitical — an international festival of youth, brought together in amicable exchange to the best country, so that they could compete and get to know each other in a way that transcends political considerations.

It should be made clear that Canada and the Montreal Olympics Organizing Committee have little say as to which countries can or cannot compete in the 1976 Olympics. We make only one vote out of 76 in the IOC. But I believe it's a loud and emphatic "No!" when the time comes to consider banning any country from the games.

Let's face it. Despite the UN's boycotts against South Africa and Rhodesia, major Canadian firms are still doing business with those countries. The economic system has not brought these countries to their knees. And it's laughable to think that banning young athletes from competing in the Olympic Games will force South Africa or Rhodesia to alter the course of their apartheid governments.

Now if the IOC is really looking for a way to take vengeance on South Africa and Rhodesia, it has the perfect weapon to bring them to heel. Instead of banning them from future Olympics, it should force them to host the games for just one year and saddle them with the hundreds of millions of dollars as debtors that the Canadian taxpayers will have to bear after the 1976 games here are over.

If that isn't capital punishment, I don't know what is.

HOW BIGFOOT KEEPS ITS FEET IN THE RAIN

Ideally, the four tires on your car should be pumped firmly on the road 300% of the time.

But when it rains that's not always how it is.

Because water can build up under a tire faster than a fire can squeeze it out, and actually raise your car off the ground, and leave you riding on a film of water instead of the road.

It's what tire engineers call hydroplaning. And it's pretty serious business. Even at light highway speeds.

For example, say you have to pull out and pass a truck, or scurry around a sharp curve. If your wheels are not locked on the road, you can slip out and lose control.

That's why Goodyear makes Bigfoot, the "polysteel" radial.

It's got a tread designed with one (though) in mind to help overcome the dangers of driving on wet roads. And here's how it does it.

First, there's the most important difference between Bigfoot and other radials. Eight specially designed wide grooves. They help keep water from building up under the tire by channeling it away (see below).



8 WIDE GROOVES TO HELP CHANNEL THE WATER AWAY UNDER THE TREAD.

Then there's Goodyear's remarkable radial construction. It helps make sure those grooves stay open.

There are also specially wide ribs and a high-traction rubber compound that give Bigfoot still another advantage: superior gripping power. On dry road, wet or dry.

It also boasts special rubber wedges strategically placed in the shoulders under the belt-shoulder segment to keep the belts flat and force the tire to plant the full tread on the road — not just the middle. So you have the benefit of full grip contact when you're driving.

There are sidewall stabilizers and



THE POLYSTEEL RADIAL FROM GOODYEAR

two diagonal sipes — one on each side — to help you corner on wet roads.



STRATEGICALLY PLACED RUBBER WEDGES PLANT THE FULL TREAD ON THE ROAD.

And there are two steel belts that make it extremely stable and help protect the tread area from sharp objects. As well as give you long mileage. (Incidentally, Bigfoot is standard equipment, or optional, on many 1976 cars.)

So if you need tires, now you can have more than superb handling and performance going for you on sunny days. Now you can have it going for you on rainy days.

Bigfoot. See it at a nearby Goodyear dealer. Soon.

GOODYEAR

THE GOODYEAR TIRE IS A REGISTERED TRADEMARK OF GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY OF CANADA LIMITED

When the snow had first leaked out, it sounded like a hurricane, later-day pioneer lark: a great Canadian wagon train back to the west to homestead in Alberta's Peace River country, a last fling back to the last frontier. But by the time the raging band of 12 wagons, 38 horses, mules, mounted men, women, and children, pet dogs, cats, a llama and a performing pig lumbered out onto the open highway north of Toronto, it did not seem entirely insignificant that the date they had picked for their departure was April Fools'.

[illegible]

It seemed duly appropriate, however, that the whole plot had been cropped one day during around the movie lot Roberts used to manage where he'd built a fake western town called Movieland Ranch. For the *Great Canadian Wagons* Times had more to do with Hollywood than with history, its insurance had been one of the centers of old hat the Buckaroos.

images of Ward Bond and John Wayne up on the silver screen. As Roberts' partner, actor Paul Bradley put it, "We the romantics — a chance to play cowboys and Indians for real." And walking through their encampment, I suddenly had the same eerie sensation I once shivered from walking down a Hollywood studio street and discovering it was still *John Ford*, hollow behind the frail facade.

As we sat inside his wagon in the front boiler-drumming passenger car, Roberts was conversant about all his wagon-train experience, but it turned out that his experience had been limited to driving wagon trains around shipping centers for spending-day promotion stunts. As his two-year-old son, armed with a cold beside him, I asked if any of them had run into banks on arrival, the only life he could come up with was a bank of clouds. He was unconvinced that the Alberta government had warned them against coming and insisted that they'd have to *hurry* a year's residence requirement before getting great land. "We'll worry about that when we go there," he said.

He predicted this would be by August and that it would cost them \$10,000 in all. Certainly it would have been cheaper, faster and safer to drive to Atlanta, Texas to fly to Butte on the Great Canadian Western Train that had chosen to do it the hard way, a way that even the earliest settlers hadn't attempted, and when I asked them why, they would only answer about getting their bodies and minds in shape, simplifying life and slowing down the pace of things. Like railway relief all around, there is to get a pause on anxiety once more.

It was not so easy, however, as they talked about as a running fever. Geoff Roberts spoke bitterly of poems and odd-job schemes and dreams which had left him still not owning his own house or land; he basked in Chalky Robson's, a Hamilton truck driver, was having behind 13 years of bad debts he hadn't been able to pay up till now. Paul Brindley identified he was dealing from a drinking problem that threatened to drown his acting career. "Maybe whatever wrong things I've done, they'll bring by the time I come back," he said. They talked of self-sufficiency come the apocalypse, of making some of these uncertain thriving money.

In those times that sometimes make us life seem, as we age, where the future looms dark on the far horizon, they have turned back to the past for an answer and found it in the flickering images of the Saturday matinee. In the process, they have taken the style of the movies but none of the sense of them. They have dressed their sentences like magazine tokens and milled off into the sunset in an ancient tradition that I think is no longer potent enough to keep the end of future shock at bay. They have followed after the dreamer of good times they once saw promoted larger than life up on a blank white screen by a floodlight of light, fire and bright colors, and what has happened is grim. For even in the cinema, there were some caveats. The perfect sentence, the perfect thought, the perfect character, the perfect situation, the perfect ending. The weapons flatter, die, lie, do whatever the scenario, a man will still show up at last but his head.



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 Allareunder \$42

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Summertime Summerdaytime Summerblue
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Summersis Summerhers Summeryours Summerbig
Summersmal Summerbetween
Allare under \$42

Timex

IF YOU WANT TO ESCAPE THE CITY, DO IT RIGHT

By Ray Magolda

On the cover of this country real estate catalogue I have, I have the perfect view of the idealized city dweller's dream. There is this crystal clear pond, a windup law rolling out to a charming white, two-story, village-style house and lots of fine old maple, oak and beech trees around. No sign of cars, smog or elbow-to-elbow humanity. Just serenity. These country real estate boys know how to hit the soft spot. They're onto a good thing — selling serene, clean air, nutritious, homegrown vegetables, the old rural way of life. City people are going mad about the country.

So rural real estate is booming. You can see that in the heavy advertising for country lots in the classifieds and the many self-promoted new rural subdivisions.

No one, so far as I know, gathers statistics on the number of transactions and the average price of country land. But the price indexes of individual properties are easily available. Less than 10 years ago, I looked over a shaggy waterfront lot in one of the lesser-known lakes in Ontario's Muskoka region; the price was \$35 a foot, the same lot, still just as unimproved otherwise, sold last fall for \$100 a foot, a rise of 230%. In the same period, average house prices in major metropolitan cities have gone up by 240% to 270%.

Russ Eickstein, who publishes the *Country Property Buyer's Guide* (a new country real estate newspaper in Ontario which specializes in this growing market), had a survey done of city people who were on the lookout for out-of-town properties to probe their reasons for wanting country land.

"I'd say many, possibly most potential buyers are moved by two factors. They see it as a good investment. Another strong element, though, is that many young couples feel they have moved out on the city housing market; prices are beyond their reach, and they're trying to pick up something in the country they can afford."

But bargains, out where the birds sing, are getting to be scarce unless the buyer is willing to go 100 miles beyond a metropolitan area.

"What there is out there," claims Eickstein, "is a variety, a range of choices that no city can match. You can find a new city-style house or a subdivision, an old village farmhouse, a small farm, a farmstead, 'hardcore' opportunity or some new, unimproved land, all in a wide range of prices."

Some city people can and do make a complete transition to country or small-town life: professionals such as doctors and lawyers can make a living almost anywhere, as can many middlemen. Most people, though, are fast to the city, from Monday to Friday and their only hope for full-time rural living is to get a photo within commuting distance of their jobs. That's no longer easy or cheap because there's a growing crowd of dedicated commuters who have goldbanded up the choice places and pushed prices much higher.

Jack Margolis is a Toronto businessman who spends two hours a day driving the 93 miles to and from his 315-acre farm east of the city.

"The driving is more than worth it," he says. "I lived in



the suburbs for years but wasn't happy there and I didn't want to raise my two kids in the city. Out here, I've got to the north, back at track with reality. Growing organic food, I feel I'm involved in natural processes. And when people meet people out here, they don't see one another as objects to be impressed or manipulated."

The Margolis' approach isn't for everyone. Please note that quite a few adults have tried farming and have fled back to the concrete cityways. You have to be sure that you really don't mind hard work, that you can cope with five feet of snow in winter, that you don't need to have your city friends within easy contact. Margolis raises pigs and cattle to provide fertilizer for his organic garden — not everyone can take pigs in any form other than breakfast bacon.

But let's assume you are serious about a country purchase. How should you go about it?

Almost everyone, I suspect, who has ever been interested has noticed advertisements touting "cheap" land that is available under "tax sales" — that is, property being sold because taxes are owing on it. Forget these, don't waste your time; they are usually the grist for a professional's grinders. Likewise, forget about the sale of crown lands; they are generally 100 miles back of nowhere. As for highly promoted subdivisions in the country, approach them with great care: some of these have proved to be more advantageous to the developers and speculators than to the consumer.

What you need to look for in an out-of-town property is a car, get into it every weekend and drive. Look for "sell" signs, visit country real estate offices and read the local weekly newspapers. You'll use up a lot of weekends this way, but eventually it should yield results; a place that fits your needs, even if you have to take up hammer and saw to make it comfortable.

You will hear that country mortgages are more expensive than those in the city, that is quite true, they usually cost one to two percentage points more. Try to reduce the loan as quickly as you can. A 12% loan, paid off in 10 years, is a lot cheaper than a 10% loan running for 19 or 20 years. You may get held up at a place at a fairly low price and yet have to borrow money to finance improvements; if you can manage short-term loans, you may end up paying more ahead of the fellow who has bought a city house and is paying off a 25- or 30-year mortgage at what he thinks is a reasonable rate of interest.

More critical than borrowing costs are land and building restrictions which are becoming more onerous in small municipalities. You must check on these carefully, especially if you are buying a plot and hope to build on it.

City prices aren't going to come down. There aren't enough new houses or apartment units being built to meet demand. So prices have to remain strong and go up at least with the rate of inflation. The same upward pressure on prices exist out of town but, if you have looked out, your chances on balance look better out in the country.

Forget for a second that it does 0 to 50 in 8.4 seconds.



Think of the Rabbit as a practical family car that squeezes on amazing 45* miles out of a gallon of gas.

Think of it as a four door family car with a spacious interior and a deep hatchback with up to 24*

cubic feet of storage area where you can stow away all the gear and groceries your family could possibly need.

Think of it as a Volkswagen backed by one of the most advanced car coverage plans in the

industry. The VW Owner's Security Blanket.

The VW Rabbit. After you've sold your family on it, see your Volkswagen dealer for a high performance test drive you'll never forget.

rabbit
Happy days are here again.

*Based on 1985 Volkswagen Rabbit 1.8. **1985 Volkswagen Rabbit 1.8. ***See dealer for details.

YOUR VIEW

Hot and cold Canadian nationalism/Why can't the news be more like drama/Wheat prices

I have long suspected Heather Robertson's intelligence as a journalist, but her *Confessions Of A Canadian Cheesecake Fan* (April) displayed to me a mind not only intellectually deficient but, more to the point, patriotic. Robertson's *Confessions* is the sort of thing I have come to expect from her, but the "revelation/revelation" of which she writes seems the mark of a terribly frightened and repressive mentality. Like most recent nationalists, Ms. Robertson's language seems to have overridden humanitarian concerns. Peculiar, indeed, is the psyche that dreams of throwing grenades at camps with American license plates. (So that's what autotheft is all about!) Furthermore, the aptly anonymous suggests that "most of us" have those damaged flights of fancy. Well, I for one have no desire to machine-gun or throw grenades at people and I feel it awfully disturbing when others, besides such brutal rogues, even if in fantasy I only hope such gross violence as Ms. Robertson often is restricted to a very small circle of friends.

Canada's present condition is fortunate in that we have not studied this degree of racial atrophy that we see in America today and in that we are relatively free of the violence and political tension that plague many other modern industrialized countries. Ms. Robertson seems to evade the same only violent tendencies that she finds so repugnant in American society. I think Canada and the world can do without the hate and violence that she espouses.

And, oh yes, Heather, try to be more careful with the use of those literary allusions.

JOHN REARDON, OTTAWA

Your April edition of *Maclean's* was most interesting and informative until I reached the last page, *Confessions Of A Canadian Cheesecake Fan*, by Heather Robertson. That title hardly does her justice.

She has succeeded in downgrading Canadians, as well as citizens of the United States. Her vindictive, biased and vicious statements could be those of one who didn't make the grade in the United States and isn't making it in Canada.

MRS. BARBARA S. STROHM,

VERMONT, ALTA

Thanks to Heather Robertson for putting into words what so many of us feel but are afraid to say.

That took courage.

R. FRASER, CALGARY

Jazzing up the news

I couldn't agree more with Philip Marchand's perceptive analysis of the television news anchor man, *Play Cool! Harvey And Day: Be More Like Walter!* (April), especially his concluding *art de vivre*: "We need anchor men who can suggest that they are at least capable of getting upset and mad, of being genuinely moved by the passing parade of fools, birds, victims, crusaders, horrible folk and sheep operators they must present each evening."

My endorsement of that point of

view is no empty statement of philosophy. More than a year ago, I hired that anchorman for *Global News*. Despite the fact that *Global* is an Ontario network, and *Maclean's* is a national magazine, it amazes me slightly that Marchand's article fails to make even passing reference to Peter Trouman. Because Trouman is surely the Canadian embodiment of everything he's looking for. No one could ever mistake Trouman for an anchor of Canadian television's "news actors." He isn't pretty enough or smooth enough.

Trouman does have the journalistic authority that Marchand hunger for. He's a reporter first and a performer second. Trouman does have some say in what *Global News* goes on the air, he also writes much of his own material, and he dutifully refuses to read anything he doesn't agree with.

I can repeat Marchand in one respect. I not only feel that Trouman's kind of anchor man is desirable, I feel that any other kind of anchor man is essentially debased. And I believe that to argue that the viewer doesn't watch the television is to argue that watching him is acceptable if it isn't detected.

W. E. CUNNINGHAM, MCGILL-EMMENT, GUELPH, ONT.

Who the hell is Philip Marchand?

At a time when Canada is at last beginning to select for own identity, when the nations of the world are recognizing us as Canadians and not Americans, Philip Marchand is still wallowing in a kind of national self-hatred.

If a million Canadian mothers would like their sons to grow up like Lloyd Robertson, what's wrong with that? And what segment of the population is "the rest of us" who can't warm up to Robertson's image?

Philip Marchand has made his own personal assessment of Harvey Kitch and he feels sorry for him. Perhaps if we were all to get a look at Philip Marchand on national television we'd feel sorry for him too.

ROSLIE C. SPENCER, PORTER CLARE, ONT.

Whole grain story

I read with concern Don Raron's confused interpretation of recent developments in the Canadian grain marketing system. The *Farmer Is The Devil Is Learning How To Sell*



RON CABANA SUPERIOR DARK RUM

A good thing never comes alone...
We had the white, now we have the dark.

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How important is Bran to a common-sense diet?

Recent studies by doctors both in Britain and the United States indicate that lack of cereal fibre may be a contributing factor in a number of intestinal disorders particularly evident in North America. While more research is needed, this view is also supported by some leading Canadian physicians.

What is Bran?

Bran is the outer layer of a kernel of wheat. In addition to being a natural storehouse for iron, chlorine, rhodium and potassium, bran is a rich source of natural food fibre.

Previously, food fibre was thought to be only important in regulating your digestive system. Because fibre is only partially digested in the stomach, it passes as bulk into the intestines and helps promote regularity.

But further studies comparing the effects of our relatively fibre-free North Western American diet with the effects of a fibre-rich diet as is common in rural South Africa, suggest a connection between lack of fibre or roughage and frequency of non-infectious diseases of the heart and intestinal disorders.

These diseases are all rare or non-existent in those parts of underdeveloped countries which feature a high-fibre diet.

What are the main sources of fibre?

Bran is the most highly concentrated form of fibre available. But many other foods have a high fibre content, too. Broccoli, Brussels sprouts, cabbage, cauliflower, beets, carrots, sweet potatoes, berries, tomatoes, eggplants and summer squash are among the runners-up.

How important is Bran to you?

Bran certainly is good for you. So, we'll suggest you include one of Kellogg's four Bran cereals in your daily diet. All Bran, Bran Buds, Bran Flakes or Raisin Bran. Either in muffins, by the bowl or just sprinkle a little All Bran or Bran Buds on the regular cereal you eat now.



YOUR VIEW / continued

(February) I find it difficult to believe such an article could be based on anything approaching a serious research effort.

In the early part of this century, grain farmers established elevator cooperatives in response to the mistreatment they received from the private grain trade and railroad companies. The farmers discovered, however, that even having their own grain companies did not give them a sufficient voice in the market. These individual cooperatives could not assess the numerous arguments effectively market grain prices.

In response to requests from grain farmers, the Canadian Wheat Board was established as the sole marketing agent for the wheat, oats and barley grown in the grain regions. Since then, the Wheat Board has proved to be a very effective marketing mechanism for grain growers, and, as such, has acted as an extension of the farmers.

The return to a system where each grain company must establish a costly marketing division is a retrogressive step. The waste created by each company duplicating the efforts of the others will not improve sales, prices it will only increase costs. Without doubt these additional costs will be passed on to the farmer.

In the article, Don Burns erroneously suggests farmers now are free to choose between selling to the Wheat Board or to the private trade. This is not the case. The federal government then forced the Wheat Board to sell to eastern Canada grain that Western farmers had chosen to export. In doing this, the Wheat Board was forced to accept prices that were below export prices. To add insult to injury, at the same time Western cattlemen were forced to export U.S. corn because grain was not similarly made available to them.

I am amazed that Don Burns could describe this as a new freedom.

JOHN E. MEYER, MINISTER OF AGRICULTURE, PROVINCE OF SASKATCHEWAN

List of credits

My colleagues and I at the National Film Board were startled by several glaring omissions in John Haines' article on Ralph Fiels visited in *The Footsteps Of Walt Disney* (April).

"How I left the Mounties and still got my man."



Before Lin Marchbank went into life insurance, he was in life.

For years, he lived the rugged life of a mounted policeman patrolling by dog sled in the Arctic, learning the language and ways of the people of the north. As well, Lin helped train new recruits in all phases of police work.

Life in the force was exciting for Lin Marchbank, and the lessons it taught him were not forgotten.

"You start thinking a lot about life insurance after you've seen families directly affected by tragedy. In the course of my work, I'd see a car accident take the life of a father and bring incredible financial hardship to his family. Yet the concept of life insurance seemed so simple to me. I decided the life insurance business could help me help people in a more positive way."

There is joy in life insurance, joy in offering useful ideas that actually help people.

Building igloos and guiding dog sleds isn't normal fare for Sun Life representatives.

But the enthusiasm that Lin Marchbank illustrates so well, is a characteristic we search for in our new Sun Life recruits.

And for good reason.

Life insurance is a complex field, and it is easy to think of clients as numbers.

So we actively look for people who like people.

People who see "joy" in offering useful ideas.

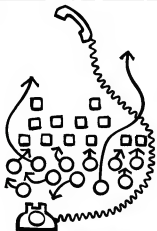
The business we can teach.

They don't have to know how to build igloos.

But they have to want to build tomorrows.

SunLife
OF CANADA
The tomorrow builders.

Lin Marchbank remembers his days on Arctic patrol.



**If you're going to come up with
a winner,
you've got to have a game plan.**

You probably use Long Distance — for making appointments and putting out fires.

But consider this: Long Distance can do many other things for you.

It can help you research the market and turn up information for intelligent planning.

It can develop new markets — help you explore new ground and broaden your base.

It can be used to introduce new products, and do it fast before competition gets a chance to act.

Make Long Distance a part of your game plan. It makes sales leaders more productive.

**Long Distance means business.
Plan to use it.**



YOUR VIEW / continued

The article gives the clear impression that *Cry Of The Wolf* was developed, produced and marketed solely by Ralph Ellis. Nowhere is it mentioned that *Cry Of The Wolf* was made by the NFB, nor is any mention made of the fact that Bill Mason, one of the best of the best producers and creative film makers, directed, edited, filmed, researched and scripted this box office smash. The actual producer of the film, which was made with the cooperation of the Canadian Wildlife Service and the assistance of many people, was Bill Bird.

Holmes' article stated that "most people looking at Bill Mason's wildlife film *Death Of A Legend* are asking remarkable in it." A lot of people would disagree with this. The film has been shown twice on the CBC English network and twice on the CBC French network as well as being sold to television networks and stations around the world.

It is true that when Ellis saw this "uncommercial" film he thought it would make an exciting feature-length film. He then came to the National Film Board with a proposal that *Death Of A Legend* be expanded to feature length, with his company distributing the film to theatres. The NFB agreed and went to work on the longer film which became *Cry Of The Wolf*. Director Bill Mason had much material that had not been included in the first film. In addition, he went out and shot new material.

The NFB owes a great deal to Ralph Ellis who, with our permission, set up the whole distribution deal with the American "four-wall" distribution company. But as for being the producer of the film, no!

DAVID HAYES, DIRECTOR,
INFORMATION & PRODUCTION DESIGN
NATIONAL FILM BOARD

Striking oil

Congratulations on Roy MacGregor's excellent story, *The Man Who Melt For Oil* (April). You obviously went to a good deal of time and trouble to research this story, and if Canadians are going to understand our energy problems, we need more of the same.

D. W. GORDON, PRESIDENT, CANADIAN
SOCIETY OF PETROLEUM GEOLOGISTS

Eat your heart out

There it is, an old press saying: "I don't care what you say about me so long as you spell my name correctly." I don't know whether the lady was Justice Poir's or our postmodernist's concerning *The Delights Of Can-*

JAL's Orient is...

a tour of Balinese temples with
a dancing lesson
along the way.



The Orient is like nowhere else. To get the full flavor — your very first trip — go with the airline that was born there. And it was lovely at home there. Go with JAL.

JAL's Haplo-Holids tour do more than show you the sights. We say 100% ways to help you make friends with our friends.

On Orient Caravan tour \$2950, 22 days. \$3399* reports you to Bali, plus canoe trip into the white of North Borneo. Also Java, Bangkok, Singapore, Hong Kong. Includes air, meals, hotels.

On Orient Holiday tour \$2080, 26 days. \$2549* join our dinner party at Mandalay.

Palace to Palace. Da Tokyo (Tokyo, Kanto, Kyoto, Osaka, Hiroshima, Bangkok, Hong Kong, Phuket, Manila, San Jose, Los Angeles).

Follow our Asian Sun tour \$5500, 16 days. \$1179* to Tokyo, Kyoto, Osaka, Bangkok, Hong Kong, Singapore. Optional government tour.

On Pacific Aloha tour \$4950, 16 days. \$1099* to Tokyo, Kyoto, Osaka, Bangkok, Hong Kong, Singapore. Optional government tour.

On Pacific Aloha tour \$4950, 16 days. \$1099* to Tokyo, Kyoto, Osaka, Bangkok, Hong Kong, Singapore. Optional government tour.

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making friends



Gin with a difference TANQUERAY



Subtly suggested
by its name and
its bottle.

Smoothly
confirmed by
its taste.
Try it.

YOUR VIEW / continued

why's *Mr. Richardson* (Agrell) had the names of two of Montreal's finest restaurants got badly mangled. She undoubtedly intended to refer to *Chez Barlet*, not *Chez Barlet*, and a more serious error was committed by *La Sordide* (the yellow line) not *Le Soleil* (the sun).

My husband and I enjoyed many a wonderful New Year's weekend with a party of 16 or more friends at *La Sordide* on the days when it was a small eatery. And today it is an elegant establishment and truly deserves all the loads *Miss Foss* has given it.

MRS. DELICIOUS DUCARIE, VICTORIA

The Opportunist

Muriel McDonald portrays a poignant comprehensive picture of defense minister, James Richardson, in *Always the Young Men* (Match). In actual fact, Mr. McDonald rarely went overseas in her tolerant endeavor to glorify his human frailties. The modern James III springs from the generously wooded and brilliant article in a previous opportunity, an ironic figure of justice and possessing a certain lack of responsibility in his failure to adhere to punctuality. Should he have been born to one of his ancestor's workmen, he would probably be a freeloader or on welfare. His admiration for Sir Winston Churchill substitutes my former statement relating to an opportunist image. In England during the Second World War, Winston Churchill would inevitably appear in a well-out state suit to inspect a bombed-out site. We admired his valiant choice. A defense minister is but a link in the living chain of round-table outcomes. The generals enjoy a Rediffusion existence, while the no-star fighting from do combat on a two-wheeled silhouette. Clearly unfair, but a way of peaceful living. Muriel McDonald is a special gift for Canada and her people. To be criticized by an insensitive residence denotes her esteemed status.

MARGERY B. HARRIS, LONDON, ONT.

Muriel McDonald's story contains virtually nothing favorable to the minister. Why? Surely, he has some good qualities too. Even as a Progressive Conservative, I find such one-sided hostility unacceptable.

DAVID W. KILGOUR, BOWENHILL

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MY FAREWELL TO QUEBEC

No hard feelings
BY WALTER STEWART

I have just returned from a 30-day swing through Quebec. It was the most relaxed — indeed, it was the only relaxed — tack that I have made in 15 years of staved into and through the province. For once, I didn't worry about my crude but servicable French. For once, I read the accounts of current outgags — from murder to political corruption — in the continuing language squabble — with something like *franglais* — for once, I didn't feel called upon to excuse and explain every aberration of French-Canadian behavior to my wife, or to point out that exactly the same kinds of behavior are common in

English Canada. Not that my wife didn't understand this perfectly well, but I've always felt a responsibility to stay ahead while we both know that bigotry and malice know no boundaries. In those days it was as if I were responsible somehow for everything that happened while we were in Quebec. I spoke French, and Jean didn't. I had more things about Parti Québécois leader René Lévesque. Ergo, when someone looked at us for the crime of having an Ontario license, or made fun of my accent, I felt compelled to defend their rights and to tell, for the eighth time, the story of that nice Montreux who

were instructed to "speak White" on a Toronto street 70 years ago.

No more. This time, I made a pact with myself before we ever left Toronto that I would behave in Quebec as if we had landed in another country. I would speak my own language, except on those rare occasions when it was obvious that my French was better than someone else's English. I would stop trying to find excuses for Quebec's political malfeasance (after all, I don't feel responsible for Ontario's). I would stop trying to

Walter Stewart is an astute critic and a senior writer for *Maclean's*.



FOR BOURASSA, CHALLENGE



FOR THE PQ'S LEVESQUE, A REFERENDUM PLEDGE

that this province is just like the rest of Canada, only French in short, I said farewell to Quebec as part of my own country, and I found the experience incredibly relaxing.

One day, walking on the terrace just below the Château Frontenac in Quebec City I struck up a conversation with a robust student from Laval University. As always, we got onto the language question, and he told me that the more would come when the French would sweep the English back into the St. Lawrence right before us when they come from France — was when I would have struggled possibly to indicate that I understood how he felt, but regretted our intense management. This time, I told him in cheerful English to get stuffed. He looked blank, and we parted, each full of that sense of superiority that makes social congress worthwhile.

In a small store in Châteaufort I held a long conversation with a farmer who spoke a thick jargon he spoke French and I English. I think we were discussing the crops or perhaps slang — something that goes up and down a lot, anyway — and we agreed that it's a shame the way things are. As we drove through Tremblay-Rivière a young bearded priest smiled at us with a rude gesture. I smiled back, just as rudely. These liberalized priests were not my way of defying Quebec. They were my way of giving up. I am willing to accept that Quebec is, or soon will be, to all nations and purposes, a separate state. I am ready to make a separate peace.

I think I began my own personal peace negotiations about 11 years ago, outside the Citadel in Quebec City. It was during the Queen's visit in 1964, when I watched police hammer the bell out of some kids who had had the gall to shout "Vive le Québec, ça va!" as the royal procession rolled by. The cops were demonstrating with their night sticks that Quebecers stand for nothing with the rest of Canada is loyalty to the Queen. She thought flickered through my mind that this was the way we were showing up national unity, perhaps it wasn't worth it.

But I put such counter-productive thinking behind me until four years ago when I received another abrupt shock. I was having lunch with a French-Canadian friend and colleague in Montreal, and we were talking about the approach of the War Measures Act during Quebec's October Crisis of 1970. We were both strongly against the act, but for different reasons. I saw it as an attack on civil liberties. Jean saw it as another push-down of the French. He and the federal government would never dare use the act elsewhere in Canada. I said the point was that it had been used elsewhere — against the Japanese Canadians in BC, Jean said that only proved it was a *Wap* weapon, in any event, he said the use was not one that should concern me because "this is not your place." I replied, "What the hell do you mean? This is my country." Jean shrugged.

You could argue all night over the difference between "place" and "country"

— just as Tories with his access to the French-English dictionary were able to argue that "nation" means different things in the two languages when they posed their famous "dixie nation" resolution in 1967. It doesn't matter, the fact is that Jean was right: Quebec is not my place. In the four years since we parted, the province's gradual de facto government from Canada has become obvious. Whether that break is ever formalized is less important than the fact that it has taken place. Indeed, that process has probably reduced the likelihood of a formal declaration of independence, and the long bitter sorting out that would ensue. The more likely way — the Canadian way — is simply to allow the present drift to continue, until Quebec has gathered in the last crumbs of self-determination.

Consider, for a moment, what René Lévesque set down in 1968 as the "basic institutional objectives" for Quebec's "national-cultural concept of age." What was accorded said Lévesque, was "control over immigration and citizenship, over mass media and manpower policies, over internal, economic, development and all cultural (and related) external affairs. Plus enough fiscal power to enable them to top of what's already needed for education and research, health and urban affairs."

Quebec hasn't yet picked up all of Lévesque's shopping list, but it has succeeded in establishing itself as a separate province while the process began when Quebec was invited to an inter-

national education conference in Guelph in 1968 as a separate nation, and accepted; it continued through a series of cultural agreements negotiated with France; it continues today through the province's separate accreditation of diplomats working in Quebec. Ontario has promised in every case in which Quebec has sought to act like a nation, but in most instances has simply given the action a federal patina by claiming that Quebec was acting with Ottawa's permission, in assuming major control in cultural and manpower areas, in winning most of the fiscal power it needs away from Ottawa. Any Canadian can tell his own latest test of Quebec's long reach. A Vancouver lawyer once told me: "In law, there isn't one damn thing we want and that Quebec opposes that we can't get. I doubt if that's true, but it is widely believed, just in most Quebecers will believe they are blocked at every turn by the rest of us."

Robert Bourassa obviously has his own ideas of power. When the prime minister — seven premier — went to Prince in December bearing gifts of the National — over provincial — Assembly, he was treated as a national leader, in a greeting far warmer than that earlier accorded Prime Minister Trudeau. This ready reception led Bourassa to suggest later that the only challenge remaining for him was the challenge of independence.

My test of how far Quebec has moved toward statehood is to look at what the political parties are up to and what

Quebec's governing Liberal and opposition PQ are doing in moving closer together on the sovereignty issue — though not in social or economic policy. As two young students at Collège des Vins Montréal told me: "The question is not whether Quebec will be independent — that is settled — what we are quarreling about is whether a separate Quebec will be socialist or capitalist."

Bourassa, who used to work the "profitable federalism" line, has progressed through "cultural sovereignty" and now proclaims Quebec's role to be "a French-speaking state within a Canadian confederal market." Even the phonology in Lévesque's

The PQ leader has stopped talking about an abrupt break from Canada, if his party is elected there will be a referendum on independence, with lots of time for discussion and negotiation. In fact, the move toward "particularism," so we need to call it a complete. There is no question that Quebec will ever again be treated as a province like the others. The only question is how wide the gap will be. In my view it will be quite large, for the simple reason that on the crucial issues that face the province her needs and those of the rest of Canada are opposed.

Take, for example, the joined issue of language education and immigration. When Quebec passed Bill 22 — its new language law — I confided to having been a something of a spy. The law is clearly discriminatory, unconstitutionally discriminatory and it turns its back on the

long history of tolerance and equality that has marked Quebec's policy. The bill makes Quebec, in Bourassa's words, "an officially francophone state." It wipes out the old guarantee of educational equality, favors anglophones to communicate with their government in French, requires all major industries to conduct their business in French and it strictly applied, could make McGill University, for instance, communicate with English newspapers, in French. All of this is defensible, if you want to regard Quebec as part of Canada — a bilingual nation under the Official Languages Act, but if you are willing, as I am, to say farewell to Quebec, it makes perfect sense. Quebec's population is more than 80% francophone, but it may not be so for long. The French-Canadian birthrate in Canada's lowest, and the province's growth is now attributable entirely to immigration. But most immigrants opt for the English school system, if Quebec stands on the ceremony of the Official Languages Act or the old guarantees of Bill 63 (Bill 22's predecessor), it guaranteed a choice of language in education. French Canadians will soon be struggling in their own houses. Bill 22 will make it phenomenally difficult for immigrants to enter any but French schools and that creates an unconstitutional law, P. H. Scott has threatened to disconnect the law as "unconstitutional," because "it makes the French language dominant and the English language a language of minorities." So it does just it, everywhere else in



ROYAL VISIT RIOT, 1964



THE MAILBOXES BLEW UP IN TROUBLED MONTREAL



SEPARATISTS IN CUSTODY



TROOPS LAND AT LONGUE PUNTE, OCTOBER 1970

Canada, French is a language of exception no matter what the law says. Bill 22 is awkward only if you are willing to believe that French Canadians in Regina have equal opportunities for education.

Here is where my private peace with Quebec comes in. I accept that state's right to protect itself. There is nothing remarkable in Englishmen directing their immigrants into English schools or Swedes in doing so to set up a separate school system in Germany, and there would be nothing remarkable in a francophone state in North America promoting its own language culturally.

The young province of immigration solves itself the same way. Most Canadians, rightly or wrongly, want to block any massive inflow of immigrants. Quebec, on the other hand, wants all the immigrants it can get, for a number of reasons. On the political side, if present trends continue, Quebec's share of Canada's population will drop, by 1986, from 23% to 20%, weakening its federal province. In addition, Quebecers are well caught in the growth anxiety that most of Canada's felt before in the 1960s, but there will be a severe shortage of workers in the province because of the falling birthrate.

So Quebec needs one kind of language policy, and Canada, another. Quebec needs one kind of immigration policy, and Canada another. Quebec has an approach to resource development that the rest of us simply cannot afford — because has achieved a new high in darkness with her proposal to

link a uranium enrichment plant with its dams. Any development (the proposal is to build for six billion dollars, a facility that will run ordinary uranium into enriched uranium) Canada has no use for this product (which can only be used in nuclear reactors built by other nations such as France. But CANDU uses ordinary uranium. So, said Beaudin, Canada is liberal in selling the CANDU to use enriched uranium) that would then justify this an-billion-dollar program, and her determination to push it through has already led to an open split with Ottawa.

We really can't — as they say in Fanny-Curt — go on this way. After all, we have been struggling with this issue since 1758, we haven't resolved it. Our great strength is that we have not yet torn each other limb from limb. There has to be something better to do than to go on pondering we are the world's model of tolerance, when as speediest most of our energy trying to get each other down. We are no more a single country than we were when the Act of Union joined us cement to together in 1840: the only difference is that keeping up the present costs more today, it's just as obviously futile. The Father of Confederation worked their way out of this earlier dispute by ceding to the other province in 1867, in hopes of drawing the French in a wider union. It didn't take, we are back at the old street, the only way out is to give Quebec the right in fact if not in law to get her own way. This is not the same issue as the French

one of, say, Alberta. The western province is pushing for most control over its own affairs for clearly defined economic reasons: give Alberta what it wants and you will have a poorer partner in Confederation. For Quebec the issue is not economics but survival: the economic and cultural questions are inseparable so we have the familiar phenomenon that the more Quebec wins the more it wants, it cannot be satisfied short of de facto independence.

That is why I made my separate peace with Quebec, and the benefits have been enormous, particularly on the crucial language issue. I lived in Montreal as a boy, but learned little French, except a few exclamations useful for looking at Jeanne Choinette — now Quebec's Minister of Justice, then a neighbor on Wilson Avenue. In that simple world, I didn't matter much to be English in Quebec: the province was not important, our community was the English community of Canada. When I grew up provincial governments had come into vogue and language was no issue for the English as well as the French, but all of Canada as well as Quebec. It became my duty to learn French and to work in French in Quebec — a small price to pay for national unity.

I lost out a lot of money and a lot of time, and a lot of good it did me. Long hours of consuming interests in a foreign tongue while little drops of blood sweat on my forehead. I once encountered three education ministers. Marcel Masse for two hours in French,

later, I asked his press aide when Masse had obtained his MA "Grégoire," he replied. Long, interminable of prepared questions, endless apologies for lack of fluency ("Well, it's not, off was plain" "plus le français, plus le français") I shattered issues and learned meanings up and down the province, and the more had French I talked, the more interested I ran into.

The French are, let's face it, brutally male about their language, particularly in Quebec (in Quebec City, where the English population is minuscule, there is no apparent threat, and much less resistance). I was told strongly by a senior civil servant that "I have no time to teach you my tongue — speak English." I was interrupted by a fellow journalist that "your parler français counts as *vache* expatriation." "You speak French the way a cow speaks English." I was enraged when French-Canadian journalists giggled and bowed in Saskatchewan's attorney general began his speech to a federal-provincial conference in Ottawa with a few staggering lines of French (No one here has Chantal's brain English, but then English is not under attack.) I covered the 1970 Quebec election eagerly in French, went to bed every night with a blazing headache, and then discovered that everything I wrote was dismissed out of hand by my French colleagues because I couldn't possibly understand, being English.

It finally dawned on me that much of what I heard about the goodwill that flows from bilingualism is just hot

air: indeed, the only French Canadian who appeared to receive any talking efforts with politicians were the million separatists. They regard bilingualism as another, another move on the slippery slope to assimilation, so they are willing to speak English, if they can, or to respond to any manner of hand signals, grunts and frowns. They don't feel obliged when I mumbled their language, they only get upset when anyone pretended, after three months of a federal government immersion course, to be bilingual and to pass as an acknowledged expert on the language question. Montreal writer Dan Bell's inhumanly anglophone who has run into a lot of risk, recently noted, "I suspect that I am bilingual in a strict sense. Can this be so?" Not only can be, it is, but then, it always was. The only difference now is that he has to use a different client, it is an advantage, not a disadvantage, to be francophone in Quebec.

Each of the province's racialized tolerance in the past came not from nobility of soul but from the fact that the English held most of the power. Now the political power has gone to the French majority and the economic power is flowing to Americans, who couldn't care less about how Quebec sorts out its language problems. The anglophones, and the group Jim Stewart of the Montreal *Soleil* calls the "allophones" are still a force here but they are on the wane, and anyone who thinks that the French, even in central, will behave more tolerantly than, say, the English of West Vancouver

hasn't been reading the papers lately.

My separate peace covers all this. History shows that when a people has decided that it is a people — a separate state — only facts of arms can reverse the decision. Quebec has made such a declaration, to itself, and we are not about to take up arms. So we simply have to accommodate ourselves to what the separate papers *Le Jour* calls "the legitimate aspirations of the people."

Frankly, I don't know how governments go about this, although I suspect we have to build some kind of buffer to protect our economy. From such duty Quebecers in the Olympics, Jeanne Bell and Suzanne's two new supporters (they would cost one billion dollars each, he built along the St. Lawrence and compete with Montreal's peris, with their massive representations for us all. The phrase that kept to the printing press is "a francophone state is a Canadian creation model." But that, as I say, is an issue for governments to work out in the fulness of time, for myself, I have declared peace on Quebec. I will go on speaking French, but I am damned if I'll go on feeling sorry about speaking it badly. It's not my language, it's not my country. I'm just a wandering stranger. And as I'm just, I can report that Quebec is a marvelous place to visit but I wouldn't want to live there. ☐

Claude Ryan, editor of the influential Montreal newspaper *Le Devoir*, will give a Quebecer's rebuttal to Walter Stewart's article in a future *Maclean's*.



BILL 22 DRAWS PROTESTS FROM BOTH SIDES



LANGUAGE TRAINING DOES IT SOLVE ANYTHING?



CHILDREN JOIN THE PROTEST PARADES

1000

political motivations, power and adver-

Barbara Frann is rich. Her husband,

Heather Robertson is a contributing editor of Maclean's. This article is excerpted from the book, *Her Own Woman: Profiles Of 10 Canadian Women*, recently published by Macmillan.



THE CROSSBIES OF NEWFOUNDLAND

After me, Andrew. Oh no, John — after me!

By HARRY BRUCE

Bring Joe Smallwood himself, no social phenomenon in post-Confederation Newfoundland has inspired more public excitement, private suspicion and broader political misadventure than the enigmatic Crosbie. The St. John's telephone book lists nearly 30 Crosbie companies, divisions of Crosbie companies and Crosbie individuals (many of whom live at remote addresses and also enjoy "country residences"), but so far in the latter political sense of the past decade is concerned, the Crosbies that count most are the brothers John and Andrew. They do not always get along, and perhaps that is because the premier's chair will never be big enough for both. Not at the same time, anyway. They are badly fitted.

Each one is an expert in a box, as it were. Each one suggests to respectful reporters that, no matter what misadventure a man pursues, he naturally wants to be Number One. That ambition is chronic, maybe genetic, maybe an outgrowth as the brothers they drew. Even as boys, they bawled a lot. They are growing men for a novel.

John (on the right in this photograph) is 44. He's the scholar, the craftsman, the cabinet minister, the political Crosbie. He is also known for having had the gall to become Joe Smallwood's Public Liaison Number One. Andrew is 42. He's the tycoon, the industrial entrepreneur, the business Crosbie. But in the face of the mounting enmity between Smallwood and his older brother, he is also known for having had the gall to become Smallwood's budget, organizer and maybe his successor as premier.

That was in 1971. It did not sit well with John (as at Wick College had written in the St. John's Evening Telegram, "If Newfoundland doesn't have a Premier John Crosbie within five decades it won't be because Crosbie John's try").

In Newfoundland politics, John explains, "Everyone goes for the popular and you've got to be pretty thick-

skinned." Still, even now he gives the impression that his old brother's flirtation with Smallwood was a method of going for the popular that surprised and infuriated him. "I mean, my relations with Andrew and me have not been too warm over the last couple of years. He had found that if blood is thicker than water, ambition is sometimes thicker than blood."

"Yes," Andrew confides. "John went absolutely nuts then for a while," but, he continues, there's certainly no animosity on his own part. As Andrew sits in his sumptuous office — he's behind one of those desks that keeps its master slightly higher than his guest — he fairly glows with confidence, the knowledge of his own correct decisions, and the frequency of his claims. His manner suggests he's too busy, too sensible, too generous really, to worry long about the misguided thoughts of any politician, Canadian or otherwise. And if Smallwood had only listened to Andrew, Andrew says, he would certainly have won his majority in the fall of '71.

Smallwood would then have been able not only to retire gracefully (and that's something Andrew says Joe promised to do within a year) but also to have a head in naming his own successor. And you know of course just who that successor might well have turned out to be. Not John, who had disappeared, wanting to be Premier of Newfoundland since the age when good little Canadian boys dream of NHL stardom. Andrew. On September 3, 1971, Smallwood named Andrew the head of his election campaign committee, on September 2, Andrew shot from nowhere (politically speaking) to the very top of Smallwood's latest public list of Liberal-minded-to-be success-heals.

That's when John "went up" like a bomb went off. By then he was running for Frank Moore's Tories in the upcoming election, and he figured that Andrew's strategy was to keep Smallwood

glued and to give Newfoundland the idea they should grant the old man one last election victory, a last triumph so that he could step down in dignity. The maddened charges.

John denied the plot. He explained, Smallwood's pride. He seemed at how successfully Andrew had booted up the great John and, this time, it was Smallwood who went up. Andrew couldn't control his boy. Smallwood misapprehended that it was he who was running his campaign and suggested it would be he who'd run Newfoundland for years to come.

"I moved up there whole strangle," John remembers with satisfaction and, on that point anyway, Andrew agrees with him. The result was the election on October 7, 1971, and Andrew thinks that Smallwood having betrayed Andrew's plan, was lucky to earn even that. Smallwood, however, believes (according to Andrew) was a terrific mistake. "I was being supposed and instead of sweeping Andrew and his whole outfit aside I allowed myself to be pulled into the background."

"The funny thing, John," John states, "is that Smallwood never told me. I'm sure he thinks there was this tremendous conspiracy, by Andrew and me, to divide him."

And maybe that is funny, but further things have happened. There's a story for instance, that long before the election of '71 Andrew flew to Montreal for a secret meeting with a Smallwood agent who wanted to plumb his interest in having Joe simply hand over the premiership to him. This may have been around the time that the animosity between Smallwood and John Crosbie was causing such chaos in the Newfoundland House of Assembly that a hapless Deputy Speaker asked, "What

Harry Bruce is a Halifax author, freelance writer and broadcaster and a frequent contributor to Maclean's.

"You're a brainy lawyer," Joey told John, "but you've made a lot of mistakes. You shouldn't run in the next election"

kind of a bar parlor are we running here anyway? At any rate, Andrew and the Sealwood agent—who was hired some Newfoundlanders would see them together—waited for hours at night on Mount Royal. One night when they were out in the cold, they turned up.

The topic of this story is someone who should know. It is also someone who tells it with relish, and may gain personal satisfaction from embellishing it. Anyway it continues one dark night walk after the Montreal raindrops, Sealwood's valet, Andrew, is in an apartment in Elizabeth Towers St. John's (Elizabeth Towers, incidentally, tells its somewhat the same tale in Newfoundland politics as the Watergate Hotel does in U.S. politics.) Sealwood says to Andrew, "Well, are you ready? I've got the license to governor standing by to swear you in."

"But Mr. Premier," Andrew says, "what about the cabinet?"

Sealwood replies, in wily terms, that Premier Andrew, Crobie, need not worry about cabinet ministers. In the morning, he can rid himself of these he dislikes and keep the rest. Andrew may believe that Sealwood's motive is simply to push John Crobie's nose so far out of the gate it will knock him over. Anyway, Andrew turns down the premiership and, thereby, irritates Sealwood. They don't do much till Andrew agrees to take over the Sealwood campaign and then becomes Joey's best friend in his own country.

In June of 1981 relations between Sealwood and John—once the whistler of Sealwood's own cabinet and now the most vehement of all anti-Sealwood Tories—are so tenuously rational that, when they happen to bump into one another, Sealwood records "like a sucker." (The words are John's.) But then Sealwood says, "You're a brainy lawyer, Joey—the brainiest in St. John's. But you've made a lot of mistakes. You shouldn't run in the next election. Stay out of it for a couple of years. People will forget your mistakes and only remember how brainy you are. I haven't got anyone to succeed me."

Is Sealwood trying to plant a seed in that brainy head? Might John gather Sealwood is telling him that, if he'll only get out of the way for a while, good old Joe will get into the premiership?

The vote goes 100-0 for Sealwood. Hand's yet another funny one. Back in the days before Andrew got to what John regards as the enemy, Businessman Andrew does promote the ambitions of

Politician John. A newspaper reporter from Sealwood catches Andrew's companion with the story of how Andrew has offered to use Crobie money to endorse—for Sealwood—a chair in Newfoundland history at Memorial University. Sealwood's position for Newfoundland history is legendary. The press? Well, all Sealwood will have to do is abandon the Liberal leadership in favor of John.

Why would Andrew make such a proposal of course he did make it.



truly the way Sealwood remembers it? Better ask, why would the young genius of the Crobie industrial empire not want to see a Crobie as premier of Newfoundland? Those who subscribe to a conspiracy theory with regard to the Crobie's attitude that Andrew's interest in the premiership—on his own behalf, that is—developed only after it became brutally clear that the best John could expect was a promise of a senior cabinet post from a gang of Conservatives who had yet to win a provincial election.

Their late father, Chris Crobie, was the eldest son of Sir John Crobie. Sir John a Minister of Finance in the Twenties, was a right-thinking, hard-driving, self-made entrepreneur at the commercial and political life of the province. He left 11 children. Two of his five sons gave votes to John and Andrew. Uncle George and Uncle A. H. (Bill) Crobie. They are going on now—George, for instance, is 84 and three years retired as the boss of the mortgage company his father founded—but please do not think for a moment that they are no longer a force in the business life of the province. As for John and Andrew, they probably have a quarter of a century in which to evolve and in the future the affairs of Newfoundland and in the normal course of what time does to all men, one day Sealwood will

be not of them but forever.

For the honor of Chris Crobie that would be a change. John and Andrew were not the first Crobies before whom Sealwood dangled the premiership of Newfoundland. Their father, too, fits the tale. Sealwood knew Chris took in the Twenties. Chris asked a friend of Sealwood's to a sort of three-lined sn device to make life tolerable aboard a sea-borne vessel. He gave Sealwood office space in his building on Water Street. He financed Sealwood's eventually profitable publishing venture, The Book Of Newfoundland and Sealwood's wartime piggy at Gander. He gave him money to buy 1,000 war-surplus blankets, which Sealwood promptly resold at a profit. Chris and Joe liked each other.

But in the late Forties—during the most important debate in the modern history of Newfoundland during the most magnificent months of the former piggy's manager's life—they were as far apart politically as any two Newfoundlanders could be. Chris hated the idea of Confederation and, despite his embarrassing performances as a public speaker, he was an extremely popular Newfoundland. Sealwood, on the other hand, and before either of them really knew their respective positions were irremediable, wrote speeches for Chris and coached him in the arts of oratory.

He was further than that. In J. G. MacKenzie Sealwood remembers, "I was convinced that Crobie wanted to be premier. I had his note, but not his half a dozen times at least, that he wanted to become premier. I would help him to the utmost of my knowledge and ability and be a man Friday to him after he took office, if only he would now sign post my mission."

Chris was no Manover. His brand of Newfoundland patriotism inspired him to lead a serious threat to Sealwood's vision of Confederation and this was Economic Union ("Crimo Union") in Sealwood's words, with the United States Bill Crobie, 35 years later. "My brother Chris was right regarding economic union. Regardless of Walter Gordon and the economic pessimists, there must still be a shaking of the North American economy. Chris was just ahead of his time."

Many Newfoundlanders believe Chris was substantially ahead of his time. 100 years hence to the terms of union that Ottawa and Newfoundland signed in 1949. He was the only member of Newfoundland's bourgeoisie who not only refused to sign the terms. He called

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John quit but then Joey fired him

then "financial suicide" for New Brunswick. In 1958-59 he was able to see the terms he demanded become the key to the historic inter-governmental handle of the device and the cause of doubtless bad relations between Smallwood and John Diefenbaker.

Ches knew, however, that as life goes on so business goes on. In New Brunswick, more than anywhere else in Canada, it does not pay a big business man to hold grudges against politicians in power. Big companies sometimes rely on government business for their very survival. Take heavy construction, for instance, a cornerstone of the Crosbie corporate empire. "Government is probably responsible for 75% of new construction in New Brunswick," Andrew Crosbie says. "If you're not popular with government, well, there have been ways by which maybe you didn't get the business."

And back in the early Fifties the business of the Confederation debate faded in the face of the amazing reality that little Joe Smallwood was now big Premier Smallwood. Ches and three of his brothers (George was the only hold-out) all became Liberals. Joe could now do for Ches even more than Ches had ever done for Joe, and one day when it suited him, he would bitterly tell the world exactly what his government did do for Ches, his brothers, and his sons.

In May of 1968 — more than five years after Ches's death, 20 years after Joe beat Ches in the Confederation battle, 30 years after Ches helped Joe publish *The Book of Newfoundland* — Ches's oldest son so managed Joe that in the course of looking out at John in public, Smallwood listed various government goodies that came through the years, had financed Crosbie companies.

"You have no sense of loyalty to the cabinet or me," Smallwood told John in a letter demanding his resignation. He read the letter to the press. Actually, John had already told Smallwood he was going because he could not stomach a place of government financing in connection with the U.S. industrialist John Shalstein's possession of the oil refinery at Come-By-Chance. Ultimately, Smallwood would broaden the list of John's qualities of character to include not merely disloyalty but also overweening ambition, a mad lust for power and no water in his veins; but at the time he "denounced" him he was content to dramatize John's role as assorted managers of other prominent Crosbies.

He said the government had already

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Sankyo

John went head-to-head against Smallwood in one of the most passionate, bitter leadership contests in Canadian history

paid more than \$50 million to Crosbie construction companies and had helped "your family's oil company [Western Petroleum Airways]" to the extent of millions of dollars." He said John, as a cabinet minister, had "come to my office and virtually demanded that your family's construction company be given the contract to erect the new Elginville Towers." He suggested John had used inside knowledge to get Crosbie the job of constructing a harbour mill. He suggested other Crosbies had used John's position as cabinet to try to pry contracts and favour.

"I am forced to the unpleasant conviction," Smallwood said, "that you are taking the position you do depending on whether the court takes a question more widely or not to give your own family's companies business."

No sooner had John fairly denied Smallwood's letter than Smallwood again laid it at the Crosbie together with the sensational charge that certain Crosbies had used threats — presumably based on John's cabinet influence — to demand contracts from John Shubert and officers of companies planning an industrial complex at Cote-à-Pic, Quebec. And he named Ulfeldt Bill. At the same, there was a joke at St. John's that Smallwood's remark was that "he

aimed the wrong Crosbie," but, in my view, Smallwood, any memory, decided he'd better not try to prove one word in his whole barrage of anti-Crosbie attack.

In the evening of the day he named Bill, who was lived, there was a series of important Crosbie riots. The way Andrew remembers the night you may conclude that he was the Crosbie who kept his head while all around were losing theirs. In the morning, he recalls he went to Smallwood, told him how terribly distressed the family was and somehow convinced him he had no choice but to reinvent everything he'd said. Andrew says he actually helped Smallwood write the attack.

It proved to be so thorough a crowding-down as you're ever likely to see in public life. It was so complete a retraction that even John Crosbie said, "It takes a lot of doing for a public man. It is very handsome of him." In the next moment of warmth at the House of Assembly, John was feeling so envious he withdrew his two second sons that Smallwood's cabinet ministers were a bunch of "puppies."

"That really was the beginning of the end for Smallwood," Andrew says. "It was the first time, ever, that people saw key back down from anything."

Seventeen months later, John went head-to-head against Smallwood in one of the most passionate, bitter and important leadership contests in the history of Canada. Smallwood beat him by 12,700 votes to 440 and though Joe instantly predicted the party would come to "a mighty Churchillian River of Liberation," the words were too deep for that, John said, "We have fought the most hungry and ferocious nation Newfoundland has ever seen."

John Crosbie's six-month campaign probably cost more than \$600,000. Andrew had helped raise some of this and was across as his brother's corner throughout the campaign. In view of the importance to him of business from the Smallwood government, perhaps this support was wise.

But in the election campaign of '78 — and by then, remember, Andrew was in Smallwood's corner — John remarked that, if Andrew couldn't do any better for Joe than he'd done for John himself in '68, then the Conservatives would have nothing to worry about. Experience seemed to be giving John a nice sense of irony.

He had won medals at Queen's University, medals at Dalhousie Law School, a medal as the top law student in Canada. At 34, he was deputy mayor of St. John's. At 35, he was a Liberal cabinet minister. At 37, he quit the cabinet, became an Independent Liberal, returned to the Liberal ranks. At 38, he'd become "the first person in Newfoundland to openly challenge Mr. Smallwood's supremacy." At 39, he was once more an Independent Liberal. At 40, he was a Progressive Conservative candidate. At 41, he was a Conservative cabinet minister and the target of rumors that his insatiable ambition had already inspired him to plot the downfall of Premier Frank Moores.

And at 43, on a trip home from England, he found himself in the first-class section of an airplane with one Joseph B. Smallwood. After a drink or two, they began to talk quietly about Smallwood's chances of becoming premier again. The waxes of these two Newfoundlanders, men of demands of far above the North Atlantic actually co-changing polite words, so relaxed the conversation into a head-on story JOHN AND JOE HAVE PLANE RIDE ARE THEY FRIENDS AGAIN?

John Crosbie, columnist Ray Gray has written in the St. John's Evening Telegram, "in the 'merry lane' of Newfoundland political theatre."



Southwind. Let it discover you.



Last year, Southwind rum discovered the Monde Selection competition in Brussels and came away with the silver medal. This year, Southwind's delightful blend of rare Demerara, Barbados and Domestic rums is discovering more and more Canadians and winning more and more friends.

Take Southwind home. It's a discovery.



It takes more than just muscles and trucks to become Canada's No.1 mover.



customers never come back. Or they tell their friends not to come at all.

We'll always stick to that rule. It keeps us being Canada's number one mover.

You see why we're number one in the way an Allied van arrives at your destination at the time promised. You see it in the equipment he uses, the way he tries to make your move as easy on you as possible.

Just watch a 300 lb. Allied packer handling a piece of precious Dresden china and you see something else. You see muscles plus gentleness and the result of years of experience in handling other people's treasures.

These are what helped him become a number one. They're also what helps us stay number one.

Look us up in the Yellow Pages.



We got together to make moving better.

"Andrew and I aren't openly fighting now"

And Andrew? It is possible he is now the most influential businessman in Newfoundland. His manner is so cheerful, booming and open, however, that it takes a while to grasp that he does not tell you a word or a dollar figure that he does not want you to know. Somehow, he can make even the statement that his personal wealth is none of your business sound as though it's a rule of civility.

But without losing all the corporate cautions that he and his orders and associates are known to be concerned with (much less those that Andrew considers are "a secret between me and me"), it is certain that the Croshaw group of companies employs about 1,400 people and achieves annual sales of about \$300 million.

They deal in marine, aircraft, travel, auto and fire insurance. Their offices, Eastern Provincial is the fourth biggest in Canada. Croshaw are deep sports, shop/broker shop owners. One of their firms owns six vessels — all of them named after Croshaw men — and they've earned capsize to within 120 miles of the North Pole and deep into the Mediterranean. Croshaw has flight schools in Montreal and Churchill Falls, hotels in Labrador, weekly newspapers across Newfoundland, trucking companies, companies that construct some of the biggest buildings in the province, companies that construct roads and sewage companies that deal in hospital equipment, office equipment, heavy equipment, management supplies, building supplies, foreign exchange, cocktail bars, drugs and bulletin-board doors.

Andrew is now the most conspicuous Croshaw in this region. At one point, he remembers the Toronto Globe and Mail calculated he had 77 company directorships. "Andrew," says his Uncle Bill, "has the most amazing ability. It's a combination of wisdom and a capacity for detail, and you rarely see it in one man." Andrew also works about twice as hard as most men do. His father, Chris, worked hard. His grandfather John worked hard. His brother John, he works much harder than your average subject matter.

For three quarters of a century, certain Croshaws have had the endless, growing desire to enrich themselves. That was how — in the case of John against Andrew — he could open the only public rupture in the history of the Croshaw monolith. Even now, the rupture may have closed. "No," John says. "Andrew and I are not openly fighting now. After all, family is family, you know." ☐

When a whisky wins 3 international gold medals in a row, it's got to have more going for it than luck.



O.F.C. has done what no whisky in the world has done before.

Not only won three consecutive gold medals in "The Olympics of Food and Drink," Monte Selection.

But also been awarded that competition's highest honor the Monte Selection Personal Trophy.

One win could have been luck. But three golds in a row is something unique.

It makes O.F.C. the only Canadian type to ever win 3 gold medals.

And the only whisky in the world ever judged "Best in The World" for three consecutive years.

Why?

Not just because we're 2 years older than most other premium whiskies.

Not just because we are only in hand charred when oak barrels.

Not just because we use only choice ingredients.

Not just because we blend after aging so O.F.C. never varies from bottle-to-bottle or glass-to-glass.

But because we're the only Canadian type that's packed in a prime.

At that one moment in time when eye whisky, like everything else in life, is at its peak.

Not so young as it still gale, harsh and unseasoned.

Not so old as it begins to turn too dark and solid on a string, "woody" taste.

Is our answer. For the prime year — when O.F.C. is perfect.

Smooth. Mature. And full-bodied. Yet still light.

With a taste that takes no getting used to.

It's a very fine, consistent, very exciting, very important and very warm personality that no other whisky.

But in your opinion, it takes more than luck to make "The Best Whisky in the World."

O.F.C. 4-Year Old. The Prime Canadian.



CANADIAN SCOTCH WHISKY LTD.
Sponsors of the Canadian Superior Product Awards since 1961.

Unless your car runs on unleaded gasoline, there's only one oil you should be using.

This one. New Castrol Super GTX.



That's the term "Grey Pinstripes".

Normally, "Grey Pinstripes" collects in the oil pan and is removed during oil change. But at its worst, it builds up a thick crust on piston rings. The rings get stuck. You get a bad case of high oil consumption. And the next thing you know, you're face to face with a big engine job.

This not only can happen. It has happened. And the faster the tolerances of your car, the quicker the problem arises.

The reason "Grey Pinstripes" is such a tricky problem is that most cars use leaded gasoline.

And, to make things worse, Castrol discovered an intensive road and lab tests that "Grey Pinstripes" is aggravated by two things.

The high humidity of Spring and fall in many parts of Canada. And, to our horror, some high-dispersity multigrade motor oils.

At this point, we could have done what other oil companies did. Throw up our hands and say there's nothing we can do about leaded gasoline, or the weather. Instead, we figured out all the myths, tried out some new recipes



and, after nine months' testing, came up with an answer: New Castrol Super GTX. The first and only multigrade oil developed here in Canada to meet "Grey Pinstripes" head on.

What Super GTX has that other multigrade oils don't now have is our unique, new detergent package.

So, while Super GTX won't cure "Grey Pinstripes" (only unleaded gasoline can do that), it does arrest the problem to the point where it's no longer a threat to your engine. Which means now is the time to change your oil.

New Castrol Super GTX. In 10W-50, 5W-40 and 10W-30 viscosity ratings. We believe there's no other oil in Canada to touch it.



Lubrication specialists since 1899.

MOTORIST'S GUIDE TO SAVING GAS

6 PAGES OF ENERGY-SAVING TIPS



The average Canadian family spends about \$500 a year on gasoline. It could be a lot less.

How? Well, for example, the Federal Government has set a 55 mph maximum speed limit for its vehicles. A good idea for all of us.

Conservation is now an accepted part of

Canada's energy policy. It just takes a little practice. This six-page section is full of ideas that will help you to conserve Canada's oil resources and also hang onto some of the cash you now spend on gasoline.

Read it. Keep it. Follow it. Do yourself and Canada a favour.

"I believe people are looking for guidance on how they can be less wasteful in the use of depleting resources, and are willing to accept minor changes in lifestyle now, rather than suffer a waning standard of living in the future."

Don Donald S. Macdonald
Minister of Energy, Mines and Resources



"We Canadians are by and large a prudent and thrifty people. You have only to look at the amount of money invested in savings bonds and deposited in bank savings accounts to see that. And yet in one area of our lives we have been almost the least successful in the world, measured only by the United States: I refer to our consumption of energy. Of course, there are reasons why not specific for energy is so large. First and foremost is the false notion we have that Canada possesses an unlimited and inexhaustible supply of natural resources. Not so—as the energy crisis brought home to us with a rude shock 16 months ago. We are as a fortunate possession, much more fortunate than many other nations, in the extent of our fuel resources. But there is a limit, and we are going to be in serious trouble within the next decade if we go on squandering what we have."

"Another reason, given to explain the high per capita consumption of energy in this country is the climate with its long winter seasons when central heating is required, that a similar condition applies in the Scandinavian countries, and their energy consumption per person is only a little over half what ours is here, while their standard of living is about equal. Another contributing factor in Canada's case, and in this respect a private one, is the vast distances in this country, necessitating the expenditure of an unusually large percentage of fuel on transporting goods and people from place to place."

"It is with one sense of transportation that the articles on the following pages deal, in fact with the most wasteful of all, namely the private automobile. The internal combustion engine is a notoriously inefficient user of energy in many ways. Nevertheless there are a

number of simple steps motorists can take to improve the mileage they get from their cars—and in the process to help minimize the amount of pollution emitted. These are suggestions which may prove helpful, and we are hopeful that enough people will take these voluntary measures seriously."

"Some of the suggestions on the following pages may seem to offer little savings at all—it is to be anticipated. But multiply even these lesser concerns by the eight million cars in Canadian households and they become important. But beyond that, there is the need for all of us to alter our attitudes and become more conscious and conscious about every use of energy. I believe Canadians will take the necessary measures because we are not by nature wasteful, and we can all use the common sense in modifying our habits now to avoid future self-determination in our quality of life."

How much car do you really need? (or small is beautiful)

In a year, the average Canadian car travels 12,000 miles, drivers 1750 miles to the nearest gallon, and drinks about 5000 worth of gasoline.

Since we are more money for our cars than for any other single purpose, this is obviously a good place to launch a conservation effort. It can help both the country and the family budget.

There are many things each of us can do—immediately, driving habits, doing without optional extras—but the ideal place to start is at the moment the decision is made to buy a new car or vehicle.

Here's a sensible guideline: buy only as much car as you need. Ask yourself: How many people will be riding in it most of the time? Is it usually highway or city driving? Do you need the car for work or just for short trips to the store?

Pick the automobile that best meets your needs, and remember that you'll find big differences in fuel mileage from model to model.



How much does it weigh?

Believe it or not, the one factor that has the greatest influence on gas consumption is the curb weight of the vehicle.

The more it weighs, the poorer the mileage.

The table below is drawn from information supplied by automobile manufacturers to the Ministry of Transport. The cars were tested on a highway normally from a cold start and keeping up with traffic.

City mileage (l/100 km)	Average city mileage (l/100 km)	City mileage (l/100 km)
3300	40	6.0
3200	42	6.2
3100	44	6.4
3000	46	6.6
2900	48	6.8
2800	50	7.0
2700	52	7.2
2600	54	7.4
2500	56	7.6
2400	58	7.8
2300	60	8.0
2200	62	8.2
2100	64	8.4
2000	66	8.6
1900	68	8.8
1800	70	9.0
1700	72	9.2
1600	74	9.4
1500	76	9.6
1400	78	9.8
1300	80	10.0
1200	82	10.2
1100	84	10.4
1000	86	10.6
900	88	10.8
800	90	11.0
700	92	11.2
600	94	11.4
500	96	11.6
400	98	11.8
300	100	12.0
200	102	12.2
100	104	12.4
0	106	12.6

Below you too, find out the curb weight of each model you're interested in, and work out rough mileage and fuel costs from the table.

Remember: the owner of a smaller, more economical car will pay \$30 to \$50 fewer dollars of gas in a year than the owner of a big car. If all the cars on Canadian roads today averaged 34 mpg instead of the current 17.5 mpg, our total gasoline consumption would drop by about 25%. More than 1 billion dollars of gasoline a year!

Smaller models usually have more interior roomness and comfort—bigger always. Thanks to good design and engineering, lighter cars can be just as quiet, smooth-riding and comfortable (with extra padding as needed) as big heavy-duty cars—domestic and imported. Ask us directly on this point.



Pick a pretty car.

A streamlined shape is more than a cosmetic flourish. It helps to reduce wind resistance—what the engineers call "aerodynamic drag."

Streamlining doesn't have much effect on gas consumption in the city, but it makes a big difference at speeds over 45 mph. You can look upon reduced wind resistance as a way to save energy on highway driving.



Go for the redials.

There is a little corner of friction resistance, which has more to do with the tires than the car. Repeated tests have shown that radial ply tires reduce rolling or friction resistance. They cost a little more, but wear longer and can give up to 6% better mileage.

Take a hard look at that Belchfire Deluxe with all the trimmings

A new-car buyer sometimes faces a bewildering array of optional extras. Many of them can have a strong bearing on the energy cost of running a car. Some examples:

Engine Size?

If you're buying a compact or intermediate car, a four-cylinder engine is far more economical than an eight and a four-cylinder is more economical than a six—unless most of your driving is at highway speeds. As a general rule, the standard engine will give you better fuel economy.

Automatic or Manual Transmission?

An automatic will guzzle anywhere from 2% to 15% more gasoline than a manual. It's worth remembering, however, that the automatic may be easier on your car. This factor plus ease of operation may outweigh the fuel saving.

Blackheader?

It's definitely a good investment for winter driving anywhere in Canada. A warm engine starts more easily, uses less gasoline to warm up, and it's ready to go sooner. You can expect a blackheader to improve winter fuel consumption, reduce engine wear and send fewer pollutants into the air. Pay a few dollars for a winter switch. Set it as the blackheader goes on 2 or 3

hours before you start the car in the morning. It's a waste of idleness to leave the heater running all night.

Air Conditioning?

It adds a load to the engine and reduces mileage. When you think about air conditioning, be it to be classed as an expensive and wasteful luxury. And it can consume nearly 40% more gasoline.

One option that's available on some models is the Automatic Speed Control. It will probably pay for itself if the car is used largely for long highway trips. Depending upon the use of the car, power steering may or may not be worthwhile. It's an added burden and reduces mileage to some extent.

It's safe to say that optional extras add to the consumption of gasoline. It's a good idea to first try and figure out the operating cost of the extra and add it on top of the total cost before you buy. A look at hard dollar costs should help you decide if you really need some of these bells.

Miles per gallon or gallons per mile?

Find out how to keep more in the Milage Derby. Then test your skill. Lucky winners get a lot farther and hold onto more of their money.

The efficiency of the engine—measured by the ratio of mechanical

energy to heat—climbed from 22% in 1920 to 25% in 1970. Obviously a 3% improvement over 50 years is nothing to shout about, particularly in the face of our vast technical know-how and supposedly sophisticated research. The performance has actually dropped slightly since 1970 owing to modifications to reduce pollution emissions, although that downsizing is being corrected by better pollution control systems are devised.

Why hasn't automobile performance improved?

Part of the reason is the fact that cars are now larger, heavier and require more energy to move them. At the same time, engines have also grown larger to propel vehicles at higher speeds. The largest V8 engines are now rated at several-hundred horsepower, although a number of small automobiles move people quite successfully with a one-litre displacement.

Highways have also been improved, so cars are travel much faster. Fuel consumption means frequent stops and starts that gobble up gas.

Power accessories which cut into the efficiency have become popular in series.

How good or bad is your mileage right now?

Don't guess. Find out for free. Just the simple act of keeping a mileage record (continued on page 7)

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12		12	24	36	48	60	72	84	96	108	120	132	144	156	168	180	192	204	216	228	240	252	264	276	288	300
13		13	26	39	52	65	78	91	104	117	130	143	156	169	182	195	208	221	234	247	260	273	286	299	312	325
14		14	28	42	56	70	84	98	112	126	140	154	168	182	196	210	224	238	252	266	280	294	308	322	336	350
15		15	30	45	60	75	90	105	120	135	150	165	180	195	210	225	240	255	270	285	300	315	330	345	360	375
16		16	32	48	64	80	96	112	128	144	160	176	192	208	224	240	256	272	288	304	320	336	352	368	384	400
17		17	34	51	68	85	102	119	136	153	170	187	204	221	238	255	272	289	306	323	340	357	374	391	408	425
18		18	36	54	72	90	108	126	144	162	180	198	216	234	252	270	288	306	324	342	360	378	396	414	432	450
19		19	38	57	76	95	114	133	152	171	190	209	228	247	266	285	304	323	342	361	380	399	418	437	456	475
20		20	40	60	80	100	120	140	160	180	200	220	240	260	280	300	320	340	360	380	400	420	440	460	480	500
21		21	42	63	84	104	124	144	164	184	204	224	244	264	284	304	324	344	364	384	404	424	444	464	484	504
22		22	44	66	88	110	132	154	176	198	220	242	264	286	308	330	352	374	396	418	440	462	484	506	528	550
23		23	46	69	92	115	138	161	184	207	230	253	276	299	322	345	368	391	414	437	460	483	506	529	552	575
24		24	48	72	96	120	144	168	192	216	240	264	288	312	336	360	384	408	432	456	480	504	528	552	576	600
25		25	50	75	100	125	150	175	200	225	250	275	300	325	350	375	400	425	450	475	500	525	550	575	600	625
26		26	52	78	104	130	156	182	208	234	260	286	312	338	364	390	416	442	468	494	520	546	572	598	624	650
27		27	54	81	108	136	164	192	220	248	276	304	332	360	388	416	444	472	500	528	556	584	612	640	668	696
28		28	56	84	112	140	168	196	224	252	280	308	336	364	392	420	448	476	504	532	560	588	616	644	672	700
29		29	58	87	116	145	174	203	232	261	290	319	348	377	406	435	464	493	522	551	580	609	638	667	696	725
30		30	60	90	120	150	180	210	240	270	300	330	360	390	420	450	480	510	540	570	600	630	660	690	720	750
31		31	62	93	124	155	186	217	248	279	310	341	372	403	434	465	496	527	558	589	620	651	682	713	744	775
32		32	64	96	128	160	192	224	256	288	320	352	384	416	448	480	512	544	576	608	640	672	704	736	768	800
33		33	66	99	132	165	198	231	264	297	330	363	396	429	462	495	528	561	594	627	660	693	726	759	792	825
34		34	68	102	136	170	204	238	272	306	340	374	408	442	476	510	544	578	612	646	680	714	748	782	816	850
35		35	70	105	140	175	210	245	280	315	350	385	420	455	490	525	560	595	630	665	700	735	770	805	840	875
36		36	72	108	144	180	216	252	288	324	360	396	432	468	504	540	576	612	648	684	720	756	792	828	864	900
37		37	74	111	147	184	221	258	295	332	370	407	444	482	520	558	596	634	672	710	748	786	824	862	900	938
38		38	76	114	150	186	224	262	299	337	375	412	450	488	526	564	602	640	678	716	754	792	830	868	906	944
39		39	78	117	153	189	227	265	302	340	379	416	454	492	530	568	606	644	682	720	758	796	834	872	910	948
40		40	80	120	156	192	230	268	305	343	383	420	458	496	534	572	610	648	686	724	762	800	838	876	914	952
41		41	82	123	159	195	233	271	308	346	386	423	461	499	537	575	613	651	689	727	765	803	841	879	917	955
42		42	84	126	162	198	236	274	311	349	389	426	464	502	540	578	616	654	692	730	768	806	844	882	920	958
43		43	86	129	165	201	239	277	314	352	392	429	467	505	543	581	619	657	695	733	771	809	847	885	923	961
44		44	88	132	168	204	242	280	317	355	395	432	470	508	546	584	622	660	698	736	774	812	850	888	926	964
45		45	90	135	171	207	245	283	320	358	398	435	473	511	549	587	625	663	701	739	777	815	853	891	929	967
46		46	92	138	174	210	248	286	323	361	401	438	476	514	552	590	628	666	704	742	780	818	856	894	932	970
47		47	94	141	177	213	251	289	326	364	404	441	479	517	555	593	631	669	707	745	783	821	859	897	935	973
48		48	96	144	180	216	254	292	329	367	407	444	482	520	558	596	634	672	710	748	786	824	862	900	938	976
49		49	98	147	183	219	257	295	332	370	410	447	485	523	561	599	637	675	713	751	789	827	865	903	941	979
50		50	100	150	186	222	260	298	335	373	413	450	488	526	564	602	640	678	716	754	792	830	868	906	944	982
51		51	102	153	189	225	263	301	338	376	416	453	491	529	567	605	643	681	719	757	795	833	871	909	947	985
52		52	104	156	192	228	266	304	341	379	419	456	494	532	570	608	646	684	722	760	798	836	874	912	950	988
53		53	106	159	195	231	269	307	344	382	422	459	497	535	573	611	649	687	725	763	801	839	877	915	953	991
54		54	108	162	198	234	272	310	347	385	425	462	500	538	576	614	652	690	728	766	804	842	880	918	956	994
55		55	110	165	201	237	275	313	350	388	428	465	503	541	579	617	655	693	731	769	807	845	883	921	959	997
56		56	112	168	204	240	278	316	353	391	431	468	506	544	582	620	658	696	734	772	810	848	886	924	962	1000
57		57	114	171	207	243	281	319	356	394	434	471	509	547	585	623	661	699	737	775	813	851	889	927	965	1003
58		58	116	174	210	246	284	322	359	397	437	474	512	550	588	626	664	702	740	778	816	854	892	930	968	1006
59		59	118	177	213	249	287	325</																		

Maintenance: an ounce of prevention saves cash and gas



It stands to reason that a sophisticated piece of machinery such as the internal combustion engine will run more efficiently when all the parts are in good working order and it has been tuned to the manufacturer's specifications.

Good maintenance is a lot of little things. Each one by itself may not seem so important, but taken together they can add up to a big mileage and dollar saving.

Remember, a poorly-tuned motor is a thirsty motor. First step: find a good service man.



Don't just say "Fill 'er up!"

Your owner's manual will tell the correct gasoline octane rating for your car. Experts suggest you don't fill the tank right to the very top of the spout. Leave a little room for fuel expansion, and to avoid loss through the overflow pipe and when venting.

Have the mechanics check the fuel lines and tighten them to prevent leakage. Excessive fuel pump pressure causes gas to leaky control.

Use the recommended grade of engine oil. Lubricants that are too thin

may cause damage, those that are too thick require more power and that wastes more gasoline. The proper grade reduces friction, allows the engine to run easily and results in more miles per gallon.

It's also a good idea to keep the oil level up to the mark in the transmission and differential.



Now's your air filter?

A car engine requires 7,500 gallons of air for every gallon of gas. A dirty air filter allows this ratio and can cut mileage by 10%. So for every 100 miles you drive, you could be wasting enough gas to go another 10 miles.



Too hot or too cold?

When your engine is too hot or too cold, you lose extra gasoline. Have your service man check the pistons, cap and cooling system, replace worn belts, and flush out and replace the antifreeze if it's contaminated.



How good or bad is your mileage right now? (cont.)

will make you more conservative on conscious. And by following the tips and ideas on these pages you should be able to make dramatic improvements.

TRY A 3-MONTH MILEAGE TEST! Fill the tank when you buy gasoline and mark down the mileage. The next time you fill up, write down your new mileage. Divide the number of miles travelled by the number of gallons needed to fill the tank the second time. The answer is your miles per gallon. Keep a notebook "scorecard" in your glove compartment.

The table on the previous page will help you calculate your miles per gallon. Find the number of gallons used, in the column across the top, and follow that column down to the number of miles travelled (with both wheels) for your present mileage.



The dead plug.

A single misfiring spark plug can cut your mileage by 10%. Plugs should be cleaned and stripped in pairs of regular servicing, and changed as needed. Other simple causes of fuel waste: incorrect timing, worn points.

Your spruce advance mechanism (mechanical and vacuum) should also be checked.

Remember that the best ignition, points and spark plugs are wasted if the proper power isn't being delivered, check all electrical circuits and connections for voltage drop and resistance. Clean, tighten and replace as necessary.

The same goes for your battery. Re-charge (or) the longer it takes to start the car, the more gasoline is wasted.



Wheels.

Universal joints and wheel bearings should be kept properly greased. A wheel alignment job is quickly pay for itself in saved gas and less wear on tires.

Warning signs of front-end misalignment are steering vibration, uneven wear on tires, and a tendency for the car to pull to one side.



Salt tires are a drag!

Under-inflated tires increase rolling resistance. This puts an added burden on the engine and uses extra gasoline. Check your tires at least once a month, keep the pressure at the high end of the range recommended in your driver's manual.



Inspect your brakes.

Brakes are supposed to break slightly to keep the driver (or disc) clean and dry. If they're dragging that can cut mileage seriously, as well as lessen a major brake job. It's difficult for the average driver to spot drag, but your mechanics can find the trouble in less than 5 minutes.

Don't blame all your mileage problems on the car. Maybe it's you!



Our average Canadian commutes 12,800 miles a year and delivers 171% extra to the imperial gallon. If it delivered 24 mpg we'd cut gas consumption by 25%.

Speed is the biggest villain. The faster you drive the more gasoline you use. On average, every 10 miles-per-hour over 40 cuts 2 miles-per-gallon off your car's performance.



While 30 isn't a practical speed much of the time, it's a fact that generally reducing your highway cruising speed from 70 to 55 can save up to 25% on gas consumption.

There's a side benefit. In the United States, the first full year of the 55 maximum speed law a 20% reduction in highway fatalities. It's safe to predict that a similar limit in Canada could result in 1,800 fewer people killed annually on our highways.

The Federal Government has set a 55 mph maximum for all Government vehicles. A good idea for the rest of us.

Here are a few tips to improve your driving habits and gasoline mileage.

Don't idle

When you start the car, don't leave the motor idling to warm up. Start off as soon as the engine is running smoothly.

—usually within 2 minutes—and drive slowly until the coolant operating temperature is up to normal.

Waiting the motor to warm it to warm gasoline and air damage the engine. If the engine becomes flooded, avoid pumping the accelerator. Turn over the motor slowly until it starts, then move off as soon as possible.

Watch your shifting

How you shift gears can waste gas too.

Staying in first gear too long can use 30% more fuel than if you had shifted to second. Too long in second can take another 15%. With an automatic, stomping on the accelerator delays gear changing and uses more gas.



Pretend there's a ping-pong ball between your foot and the accelerator

A gentle, even pressure helps mileage. Avoid jerky starts, gunning the engine, frequent stops and starts. Keep in mind that saving gas also means a saving on oil, tires, brakes and engine wear.

Unload the trunk

Excess baggage puts an added burden on your engine. If your trunk is a storage bin for tools, tools, outdoor motor toys never use, etc., clean it out. Be sure to remove the rocks and spools when not in use; they just add to wheel resistance.



Load lists under recent Canadian conditions, particularly in winter, were gathered in Georgia, Alaska and Minnesota just consumption studies.

How to reduce your gasoline consumption by 100%

... a few words in praise of buses, bicycles and the art of walking!

When you think about pollution, traffic jams and the price of gasoline, leaving the car at home makes a lot of sense.

Walk, don't drive, to your nearest store

Studies have shown that private automobiles are used primarily for short trips—50% of them are 10 miles or less, 75% of them are 5 miles or less. These short trips account for nearly 33% of all vehicle miles travelled, and a much larger percentage of total gasoline consumption. Cars use up to 70% more gas on short trips than long trips.

Why not walk or bicycle on short jaunts in your neighborhood. It's a good way to catch up to those physically fit Swedes we keep hearing about.

Go to work with a friend

One of the best things we can do to save energy (and money) is to ride our mass transit.

If the daily commuter passenger load could be increased from the present 1.3 to 2.3, about 3 million gallons of gasoline could be saved each day in Canada. Other benefits? Less wear and

tear on the nerves because you don't have to drive so often, safer roads because there are fewer cars, less pollution spewing into the air.

Here's another thought: Have you given public transit a fair try? It's usually cheaper and easier on the nerves.

Are you ready for some changes?

It is not unlikely to expect that we will live in the future as we have in the past. Our transportation will change.

For the automobile, new engine designs and electric propulsion systems may enter on the scene.

Public transit systems—especially in urban areas—are being steadily upgraded to provide a convenient, efficient alternative to the private car. Saving energy is one benefit; they also reduce pollution and traffic congestion.

Right now, each one of us who drives a car has an opportunity to help Canada and ourselves. By relying less on the ragged automobile, we can improve our energy balance, our environment, our health and our way of life.

Good thought?

Clip the 4-page guide to saving gas. Just call along the dotted line and keep it handy for reference. Or give it to someone who wastes more gas than you do.

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MOLDED BY THE LAND



Canada as a creative force
BY ANGELENA HUGHAN CAMPBELL

Angela Hughes Campbell is a school teacher who lived for 15 years on a grain farm in Saskatchewan. Now in Regina, she pursues a lifelong interest in sewing. She is a past president of the Saskatchewan Poetry Association and has published two books, *Moss, Moss, Just Look At That Land*, about the prairie's powers, and *Come Meet The Prairie*. She has nine grandchildren.

I was cradled in the Maritimes, those unquenchable, sea-bitten acres of rocky land and formidable seasons. Known for their wild and good reason as the misery of Canada, for from this harsh Puritan-filled strip have gone out thousands of men and women to enrich the mind, mental and physical life of Can-

ada. There, I had my first training and discipline in becoming a Canadian.

In those times there was a grandmother in nearly every home — or one who lived close by. Grandma was part of us and part of Canada. She was a respected head of her. She was not a separatist, uninvolved or indifferent. She was not one whose views and needs were apologized for as belonging to someone of prehistoric ancestry. Mothers made babies but grandmothers took care of them. Grandmothers are more steady and reliable than mothers. My mother always seemed rushed and passing. Grandma never had to run to the rail with a sick stomach or cover up in bed with a splitting headache. Grandma could stand all day, I bet, lying pas-

sively. Our stomachs never told us when we had had enough but our fathers did.

Our wonderment at this time was how anyone could go along without a comfortable grandma in a red-corded Boston rocker. Grandma couldn't go run at the touch of the family gales to struggle for daily bread or to gather fuel but she could and did provide the amusement and the advice for the rest of us. Off her needle assembly line dickered mittens, helmets, stockings and socks, clouds (covers), mufflers, trousers, ropes, hosiery and shawl-like nightgowns and slippers and slacks. Grandma was a sort of creator. When her dearest fell sick and we were in a hall of fear and panic and we then responded to prevent the suff-

PHOTOGRAPH BY JAMES J. HARRIS

How much energy should Canada save?

If we continue to consume energy at our present rate, we'll need twice as much in 12 years. That means our energy producing capacity must also double in 12 years.

Economists calculate that to keep up with our appetite, capital costs will soar to over \$400 billion over the next 10 years. Money for new generators, dams, powerlines, uranium and coal mines, gas wells, oil wells and pipelines. It amounts to an investment of about \$20,000 for every family in Canada.

Transportation is one area where we waste energy. But there are dozens of

other thoughtless ways—in our homes, industries, government and commercial buildings.

The savings can be achieved simply. Turn off the television set when the show is over. Keep your furnace clean. Insulate your home. Weatherstrip doors and windows. Take public transit to work.

If you're a leader of industry, an engineer, a housing developer, or an architectural planner, look into building designs which have lower requirements for heating and cooling. Remember, when you save energy, you save money.

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Bolshoi. The smoothest vodka you can buy. Because part of our exclusive process is allowing it to mellow for 2 full years before it gets to you. And when you consider why you drink vodka in the first place, mellowing couldn't make better sense. Or a better Bloody Mary.



The newest vodka you can buy is
the oldest vodka you can buy.

Our family tree was a thing to reach up to

again and again, her hand was the hand of God bringing order out of chaos. Grandma helped us weigh our moths and nodded approval of our latest achievements. She ignored the muffled sobs and general discontent that resulted from board sets slumped loosely or rustled benches, but she suffered too. We could tell that by the firm set of her mouth and the increased speed and violent quarts of her dancing molasses. She ate a year of dinner in our dreams and hoped to regulate our behavior with tales of our ancestors. Our family tree was a thing to measure ourselves against and reach up to, not a thing to brag of or to shelter beneath.

When I was growing up in New Brunswick, we had stamps call in occasionally to gals down steaming tea and fried eggs. Afterward, while they groaned their sticky encounters with their fertilizer and the back of their hand, they told us of faraway places like Prince Edward Island and Cape Breton, where the houses were all pointed and the taxes always paid. Strange, it seemed, that these fellows had left such Gardens of Eden.

In those early days, my wisest friend was molasses: that sugary, amber syrup that came rolling from the bottom of ships in great panchy panchy from the kind of the pokiness and the cooside. I breakfasted on porridge, pork and buckwheat pancakes all crumbed with glistening ribbons and pools of molasses. If no supervising eye was around, I dashed breakfast with a great solo scoop. By treating the spoon rapidly, so that not much of the stirring sweetens could drip back into the jug, I adjusted my mouth to catch and swallow all of it. I was lucky, while some of my schoolmates had only black pepper sandwiches, I had molasses on buckwheat bread. The delicious stuff ran down through the holes in the bread.



"You have no idea how hard I
tried to find this meat!"

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Kodak XL movie cameras.



There was commotion on the roof. "The blacks!" We dived under the beds, expecting rape and savagery. But it was only the rain

making it like dark, heavy honeycomb. From the farm I was sent to Provincial Normal School for training as a teacher. There seemed to be only two choices for girls who wished to earn a living. One could nurse or teach. I was prone to optimistic fits, but as a girl I was too conscientious to be a nurse. I was given an allowance which bridged me, left enough after fees, books, board and room for a Saturday wander and a monthly movie.

From the windows of our back room at our boardinghouse, we could watch the antics of a Negro family in their tiny restaurant parlor across the alley. My roommates were afraid of blacks but I was not, because in our village we had an amiable friend and helper, a middle-class black teacher and a jiggling walt on his nose. She smoked a pipe. She was a Christian Scientist and had once used that power to cure the toothache of a boy I knew. She had turned our family through typhoid fever when no one else dared to come near. I tried to ally the faith of my compatriots that some night

the black men could climb to the windows of our rooms by using the tin roof of the shed just beside us.

One night a sudden commotion on the tin roof led to intense wide-eyed consternation among the girls. They shoved back their chairs from their desks, jumped up and called out, "The blacks!" They all disappeared under the beds. Yes, I went too. When the noise continued without any accompanying savagery or rape we all ventured out to discover that it had been a sudden peevish shower of rain that had caused their mutual antagonistic fears.

I went as a teacher from the rocky craggy hillside farm to an island in the Adams, to encounter an entirely different set of concerns, ideas, ideals and food. The wind went with me to the island. The wind was not always hostile. Sometimes it allowed the girls to use the ocean's lull as a mirror. Some nights it played harmless pranks on the students and aging of the schoolmistress at anchor in the harbor. The wind worked too. It helped the tide cleanse the shores of

fish gut. It soaked sailors to sleep with memories of Berne, and it whisked most elusive birds and wonderfully pregnant tones in the keyhole of such inhuman's dwelling, especially those poor homes where lay wide-eyed sons anxious to be gone forever from the place of crowded beds.

Along with those badly stunted fish - boiled, fried, smoked, chowdered, broiled, salted and kipped fish - I enjoyed their food and benefited mightily. I was surprised though, to learn the opinion of many of these island fish that persons who ate meat regularly, those times daily as meat-eaters and islanders were forced to do, were thought to forfeit some of their more fortunate characteristics and were in danger of becoming coarse-beaked. The idea that fish as a brain builder may have originated on an island.

The girls around my island kept crying and crying for far, far places and I listened to them and wanted to go too. When I had grown bone and muscle, desire and courage, the winds of Alberta



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[illegible]

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...your eye... will lead you
...the island city, where
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卷四
MARCIANUS JUVENIS

and Saskatchewan kept asking and placing with such strong and fascinating names as the Canby, Medicine Hat, Lone Valley, Jumbo Butte and Little Red River would not let go of one if prepared to answer their pleading.

While packed with little I owned, my mother busied me with advice. There was, it seemed, venereal disease, the Devil's cure lurking on every penny to tempt one to catch the pox. There was the dangerous use of oil in one's clothing, which might be interpreted as an invitation to city relationships between the sexes. "Beware of wearing much red among strangers. It reveals a lot," she said. I pushed a lovely new sweater here in the bottom of my trunk. This sweater from the past seemed to me so much superfluous baggage to be around. It was, I thought, somewhat like the heavy duster jacket which she had put on my head each morning as I got up from the breakfast table to go out to school. It would never need all that stuff, I was sure of that — but I did.

[illegible]

I left Quebec by train and came to other provinces where I was not afraid and where I could again address God by the rose system and without too much thought and no fright. There I heard and became accustomed to strange howling my sounds from the tongues of men born in the Ukraine, Austria, Holland, Italy and Norway. The wind went with me to the wide country, the big sky, the

broad acres, but the grass did not. The wind, the terrible wind, wrought havoc with seeded sun-scorched acres and the plans of man. Here men plowed acres, watered them, treasured them, named them, saved them from the box of the plow. One clump of aspen that had survived drought, prairie fires, lightning and wind was protected from the plow for years. These wind-torned aspen-spotted Ontario to the farmer who owned the surrounding miles of wheat.

The open spaces of the West taught me that. Oh yes, my mother had read—said that the thrill and rapture of Southern life was in the open spaces. I was to have my eyes, but my mother was ignorant of the continued use of certain things. Take, for example, for instance. She thought that the West was really a grassland, a steppe (talked to me about it) and something to be avoided immediately by children bringing home the cows for milking. She did concede that it might be good for the soil, but she thought it was a houseplant fertilizer, but my mother knew nothing about real cows dung (thrift) in the West I helped to gather cow dung in a gunnysack slung over my shoulder. I was to be a farmer, a sustaining experiment had been cooked for me: dairy, dead-end, defunct, defunct, blonded and honeycombed by the sun's magic and insects' industry, then weaned by the wind and the rain, then the boys, "cow boys," were stalked in the herd. They were easy to quote, eager to burn and so on, etc., which made them easy to read. I was to be a farmer, a sustaining experiment had been cooked for me: dairy, dead-end, defunct, defunct, blonded and honeycombed by the sun's magic and insects' industry, then weaned by the wind and the rain, then the boys, "cow boys," were stalked in the herd. They were easy to quote, eager to burn and so on, etc., which made them easy to read.

Western Canada set before me strange concoctions. There were noodles in every part of the Empire. I ate blood bread, garlic bread, garlic sausage, polenta, hotfish (often called "saus of gaw") and "bible gophers." Strange spices and sharp sauces and seasoned meats had strange food. Then there was "ling milk," this delicious stringy cream-bomb, not quite liquid yet not entirely solid. It dripped itself over spoon, fork or Scandinavian meat-sauce with equal but unknown abandon. Intermixed with



"Once I put your back down
I can't pick it up again."

"Once I put your book down
I can't pick it up again."

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so smooth

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England

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**"... overalls has vote,
can talk like king"**

Europe said to me, "I faced all of these strange forms of asceticism." "Take 'em. We like it. It's good." And I did. My parents had taught me, "Food is to be eaten, not collected."

When I earned some money, I went to the coast. For the young people there is but one coast: the Pacific. The coast is implanted in the young mind, not as a calling place which cannot be resisted but as an achievement. A trip to the coast is not a romantic journey but a sort of pilgrimage from which one can return with frank intent.

The Rockies — their mountains, their overhanging blackage and mystery of landscape, their colors reflected in the sweat from their foreheads lying in sky-blue pools at their feet. Their rocks vary from fenshen by every geological species. Are you the best afraid of those mountains? The great fenshen of such magnificent but frightening physical segregation and unproductivity. It wants of landscape and boulder bombardment, and even the trees creep along and reveal in an unproductive sort of way. It sometimes hides itself in dark tunnels as from an angry, overbearing giant. Then one comes within view of the Fraser canyon, where the ferocious river leaps and howls, boils and exults into confusion as it seems to obliterate — the Pacific.

The Pacific. I had come again to the smell of the sea and its ships and its wharves. A new sensation of gulls, wharves, cargo ships and oil tankers on a plain where they were not wanted. This was a land of gum trees and great ferns and roses. Roses climbing walls, climbing over backyard fences, hanging garbages, standing, jacking from, instead gates, trailing down terraces and kissing my hand as I passed on the street.

Now, I had seen it all, and I became curious to learn why so many people love this land. A Negro answered my question. "I traveled north until I found a place of such cool nights that cotton cannot grow." A short, stout, skunkily man straightened up and standing tall and going skyward replied: "Here one man is as tall as another." A man with work-soiled trousers and hard hands and proudly: "Here is the land, overalls has vote, can talk like king." The refugee said joyfully: "I have no fear of my shadow now. No fear any more." Canada, loved by two oceans and not packed by a third, welcomes the burned, the burned, the burned.

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OUT OF THE ROUGH

Sandra Post is a big girl now
BY MARCI McDONALD



In the colleship of a rushing Kanada live on Hudson's 30 freewas, Sandra Post moved among the tables, chain-smoking nervously. Other women giggled in around her—big, square-jawed, tawny-skinned women, frizzled and messy. Not your ordinary women, it was clear at a glance. Their faces were confidently naked of makeup, skin etched in square lines and freckled by an unrelenting sun. Their haircuts were styled with one eye to the wind and they walked with a lopsided from the hip in long easy strides. Over the red vinyl booths and morning coffee, they congratulated for the week's \$100,000 tournament. They slapped each other on the back in greeting, took playful swipes at passing shoulders, traded lead twenty insults that passed for talk. "Hey Post!" they called out, the restaurant transformed with instant locker-room familiarity, and Sandra Post hurried across the room for more reason heavy with an awareness. "You know," she says, finally lighting over a paper place mat for breakfast, "it's always good to be back."

It is back after a two-week layoff from the Ladies Professional Golf Association circuit, but for Sandra Post it is even more. It is the comeback of a pro career that had swept off the tee nearly seven years before fall of promise and suicide parts when she set off at 19 from Oakville, Ontario, a giggling blond bubble gummer who took her hair down from its eternal rollers, debbed Channel No. 5 behind her ears and promptly

went out to knock off the golfing Colahs, all-time money winner Kathy Whitworth, copying the prestigious LPGA championship in a play-off by a whopping seven strokes. But three years later the girl they'd predicted as the next star of the circuit woke up in hospital one morning on the brink of collapse, a boxer broken marriage on her hands, a lapsed broken career on the second books, written off at 22, a girl has been. It is a comeback that has taken two long years etched in heart and green determination and served as living testament to the midwintery quirkiness of that great North American institution, divorce—perhaps the most remarkable comeback in all of women's golfing history. But it

has been a journey that Sandra Post has measured out as slowly as an alien faraway, savoring every step along the course. "I really believe that I've been given a second chance," she says. "And I wasn't going to blow it this time. I was determined I was gonna make it back or I was gonna die trying." I wanted to be a screen again and I was willing to sacrifice anything, just anything. I was a desperate little girl."

A case of that desperation has ebbed now. In December she wrapped up a 1974 season with \$50,000 in winnings, more money than all the Canadian male golfers on the more lucrative men's tour combined. As the '75 season rolled into gear, she was already an second place in earnings and was viewed enough of a contender again to land a coveted Colgate commercial which showed

her grinning out of a bubble bath in the snow. But the biggest change of all was that Sandra Post had finally won the second tournament of her career, the plum Colgate Far East in Melbourne, Australia, and when she stood up at the podium there to accept her \$14,000 cheque before the TV cameras and the cheering, tears had suddenly blundered in her eyes and she hadn't been able to get the words out that would say just what it all meant.

"I just couldn't get it all together. I was so emotional," she said. "I mean, I'd made my money over the last two years."

Marci McDonald is an associate editor and a senior writer for *Maclean's*.

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"I drove down, took a look at the prize money and decided golf was gettin' to be a better place for a woman to make a livin'"

usually. Friendship is solidated out with a flourish, chapter formed — and inviolable. Get Here where the prize money has more than doubled to \$10 million since she started out seven years ago and a player's worth is measured as much in her prize prongs as in her purse; there is a way out for the newscaster such as little shopily 30-year-old Laura Bough whose color-coordinated ensembles and valet services are paraded all over the sports pages above her scores. The rest of the mainstream may be struggling for a sense of wilderness based on something other than curls and curves, but in ladies golf the lookers are promoted and arched, a lure for the gossips and the sake at the tournament teas. "Oh, we're not hidden," says Sandra Post, slightly defensive. "We're not out women's lot at all. I'm not even sure what it's about."

It is late the next night after a lack-lustre, sudden go-to an hour-and-a-half back in the Kanada. Her self-righteous around a corner looks like she's seen what color of blond to black is who's pregnant and whose boyfriend is flying in for the weekend, who has managed to mix marriage and golf. Over a slice of lettuce pie Sandra Post suddenly grows uncharacteristically silent. The behavior of earlier that evening when she'd rolled along the expressway in her rented Chevy with the Top 40 blaring on the car radio is gone now. It's not all the following morning, when she lies back on the bed in her motel room waiting out final temperatures and the announcement that the tournament would be canceled, that the story comes in spilling out: the daughter-in-law married a good-looking Canadian golfer named John Elliott two years after she turned pro and a month after he got sent home from army service in Vietnam; her violent three-year disappearance; the golf. She still winters at the resort.

"It was awful," she says. "I had haven't a terrible near tragic married a married life with golf. When I was out playing I felt I should be home and when I was home I should be out playing. I got as I didn't hardly play at all. I was shooting bad. I lost my confidence. I'd just completely lost my will for golf."

In the three seasons of her marriage she played only 39 events for a total of \$200,000 — less than half of what she'd made in her first year as a pro. She was consistently underperforming the LPGA circuit to fly off to live with her. The highlight wedding of two kids who would swing down the fairways of life together was

already running into the rough. John Elliott was always better known as Sandra Post's husband and there was no secret he revealed it. "A lot of times John would be playing against Sandra's reputation more than against the other golfers," says a friend who played with him. When he failed to qualify for the PGA in the States and came up to join the Canadian summer circuit he ended up in a series of tantrums with officials, rapping up his occasional winning over ratings once during the Canadian Open even checking up a two-week suspension after a verbal tirade. If all there up one day in Vancouver when she found herself hand-



dy wanted to leave his room — and he left. "He just said 'Oh,'" she says quietly. "Let's put it this way: he had to get out of me real fast. I was like, 'I was an even in. See, you can only fight the girl friends so long. I couldn't believe this was happening to me.'"

In byones she called a 32-year-old wealthy, Boston-area law professor named a two-year-old married. Laura Bough who'd known them both. He put her on the next plane for Boston, saw her through the next harrowing six months and the two years since both as his own agent and the current love of her life. "I was such a mess," she says. "I went down to 112 pounds. I got real weak — oh God, was I weak. I was lame-legged for eight days and they didn't know what a man I had to go into the hospital. And come" up out of the anesthesia, there's "Aha! Bigger!" to be taken back.

Laura Bough says a protective accident around her nose, seven bar away, shook all interviews with a rhetorical flourish that would make Richard Branson's former prize victory. She Ziegler sound like a master of sophisticated English. "I have spoken to Sandra about the matter to which you alluded pertaining to an interview," he

had said a reporter over the phone a week earlier. "Sandra would be delighted to serve you the capacity of interviewee per se." He doesn't play golf — "doesn't know one end of a golf club from another," she says. But at the time it could hardly have been less of a problem. For as months Sandra Post just lay around her Florida apartment, "ladies golfers" never picked up a golf club.

"That one day they called me to come play the Calgary Pro Am in Miami," she says. "I drove down took a look at the prize money and I was just so excited to be a better place for a woman to make a living. I finished seeds and that night I couldn't sleep. I got in the car and drove home at 3 a.m. She drove straight to Laura Bough's Florida apartment and when she couldn't get in she started hammering on the door. 'Laura! Laura!' she yelled. 'I just had to tell you that I'm going back into golf. I just felt so good,'" she says.

She was out practicing the very next day. In her first tournament back she made \$500 — \$200,000 by day end of that year. It has been uphill ever since, even if there have been hazards along the way. She spent the first six months back having to watch John Elliott hand hands with his friend Haggie, the next 45-year-old well-powered bombastic. "Maybe it was just spite," she says. "But it lasted six months and I was playing every day in front of them. In front of everybody I did alright. But there is the day, but he got me real bad. I was like, 'I was a mess. I got it home how I got through that time.' Kennedy, the and Marlene Haggie are now inseparable. And Sandra Post looks back on it all as "a good experience. It made me what I am and I'm glad I went through it. I'm a much happier person now. And all that — it seems like another life."

She lies back on the bed, examining that she still says. Out there another five years, but then that's what she's doing. She holds the marriage and looks she once said she wanted more than anything else more than golf itself. "She is not," she says. "I don't know," she says, staring out the window, thoughtful. "My life now is right now. To do the best I can. I will be determined to win. And I can't be threatened or other things five years from now. I have to take one day at a time."

Suddenly it seems only natural to ask Sandra Post what changed her mind that life. Out there wasn't the life for a girl. She pauses for a moment and then she smiles. "Maybe it isn't for a girl," she says. "Maybe it's for a woman." ☐

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DENNIS PATRICK SEARS GROWS UP

Saved by the love of a good woman

By RON BASE

Even now, 45 years later, he will not discuss it much. The details of the incident remain locked within him; the deepest of family secrets which will see no light other than to briefly illuminate the beginnings of a life often marked by violence. Somewhere out on a desolate Saskatchewan farm, Dennis T. Patrick Sears saw his father killed in 1939. He was six years old.

"My father was 20 years my mother's senior," he says in a voice so quiet you have to lean in to hear. "He was constantly jealous of her. One day he thought he heard her was making eyes at her son in a fit of rage he killed him. This was the Depression and lots of innocent laborers were getting killed. No one asked any questions."

A similar incident opens Dennis T. Patrick Sears' best-selling first novel, *The Clerk In The Circle Arc*. In the book Danny Mulcahy's father finds the hard hand at bed with his wife. He shoots his wife to death then starts out after the hand, finally killing himself in despair in the ruins of the Alberta town.

Two blood splattered episodes can be seen in a novel: the other terribly early in the various histories of life Sears talks around the fact, but *The Clerk In The Circle Arc* is remarkably close to autobiography. Dennis Sears is the book's hero, 35-year-old Danny Mulcahy. After the death of his father and mother Danny moves out to strike Township in central Ontario during the 1930s: the time-and-place setting of the novel. Sears moved out at the same time to the west Ontario township of Carleton Place where the early violence he had witnessed took root and was given some meaning. He picked up a violence first from his father, and then from the hard country of Carleton, and when he had picked it up, he spent a rugged whiskey-soaked lifetime trying to lay it down.

The Clerk In The Circle Arc was published last year by MacMillan and Stewart and sold over 10,000 copies

— excellent for a first Canadian novel — and remained on the Toronto Star's best-seller list for 22 weeks. "There's been a hell of a lot of luck involved with the book's success," Sears says. "First Robert Fulford wrote a story about it, then Peter Gzowski mentioned it on his national radio program, and finally Marleau Rukier read it and started recommending it to all his friends."

Fulford was reminded of Mark Twain when he read *Lark*. Another critic compared Sears to William Faulkner. The CBC paid \$15,000 for rights to film the novel, and Sears has realized a certain financial security that few Canadian novelists ever know. Still it's difficult to think of him as a novelist.

For one thing he's physically all wrong for it. A hand stepped on his face when he was a kid, there is hardly a tooth left in his head, his hands are big and gnarled from being broken again and again. His belly is huge spilling over his belt. Any serious knapper would look at him and immediately recognize the literary troublemaker.

He seems, on first meeting, to be straight-from-the-shoulder rural, but there is an underlying complexity about him that his new prominence only exaggerates. He is simultaneously down to the simple business of his childhood in central Ontario and to the harder company of the Canadian literary. He is a friendly, open man who prefers to think he makes no attempt to be either literary or open.

"No," he says, "I don't feel out of place. Certainly I don't feel any sense of community. I'm not neighborhood-minded at all. We have friends but they come here [to him] because I'm deliberately making Kingston a focus [in the novel]. Perhaps the reason we have such good friends is that we don't see each other too often. I'm not wealthy, but there are just very few people around here I can stand to talk to for any length of time." If there's anything that disturbs

him it's "some sort of a bitch who asks me how many miles I get to the gallon."

Most Canadian fiction is nurtured in the hot-house of academia, but Sears never even saw the inside of a high school. And though he was once a student, somewhat, being a man of little education he is almost an area of mass such education. His background is that of the immigrant (however, he has been many things, not least among them a brewer, a womanizer and a drinker. He did not begin writing until he was in his late thirties, after his life had changed and settled somewhat, after he'd been able to sever a few of the lines along which he could trace his violent, rowdy past — which goes well beyond that old phrase killing to his last ancestor.

Sears speaks constantly of his family's history, as if it entrains some sort of control over him, what he is, what he does. His great-grandfather, Michael, and a brother came to the United States from County Mayo in Ireland in 1849. Michael Sears landed in New York with a new trade and an old talent for getting into trouble. He was tall, dark, and too often drunk. "Apparently he was the fellow in the family I took after most," Sears says. In *Lark* Sears, perhaps indulging in wishful thinking, has Danny live with his great uncle Mick Mulcahy, a character who closely resembles Sears' great-grandfather.

Finally Michael Sears came across the ice to Kingston and then to Ottawa, two towns Sears would want to know well. There was trouble in Ottawa — following the drunken during of a storm of once down the main street — and Michael headed north, buying a piece of land that would later span the border-Carleton Township line. When Michael Sears arrived in central Ontario, his boys were stripping the forests of their past, and Catholic and Protestant

Ron Base is a feature writer for the Toronto Sunday Star.





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Where Sears grew up "a good man" meant one who could handle himself in a fight

immigrants were flooding in, bearing religious hatreds untempered by the new topography, and attempting to form the strange impost. Great feuds were fought between Orangemen and Catholics, and their fires continued to smolder long after great-grandfather Sears was killed to death by a horse in 1889. When Dennis Sears got to Canada in 1903 he could still smell the smoke.

Canada Township, lying deep in central Ontario, is made up of few scrubby growing lands bordering every so often by clumps of cedar trees and the occasional white pine. The sky is the color of a splashed finger. The land here is a barrens that is missing from the trees today but which was once a part of Dennis Sears' life — and Danny McCall's, for that matter.

Sears was born in Vancouver in 1925 but as the Depression swept the country his father, Thomas, landed his family — including a young second wife — off on a run down a Saskatchewan strip 30 miles north of Moose Jaw. Sears has described his father as a two-faced nation fighter. "My old man never did grow up. He was nearly 70 and I had to pull the silly old trigger off a gun he was going to beat up the bus driver."

After the murder of the land lord one charge went over his head, he was banished quietly on the farm, the family moved east to take over the Cordons farm left when Dennis' grandfather died. Thomas Sears had never been much of a farmer but he was belted and untempered. "It was bad enough in the Province," Dennis Sears remembers "but then to come down to Canada to live in that goddam country with no windows. I was eight or nine years old, my father and mother were always at each other. I'd get up and hear them fighting and sit there listening with my mouth chattering not knowing whether they were going to kill each other."

Now the violence he had witnessed had some purpose. "One grew up in Canada thinking he had to be in a line to fight off some what we were doing was simply imitating our fathers and older brothers. Agreed deal of importance was attached to fighting. When someone said the expression 'He's a good man' it usually meant he was good in a fight."

"Sometimes the Protestant faction would have their champions and the Catholic faction would have theirs. Sometimes the two would collide usually at a dance on Saturday nights. But at the same time no one ever got seriously hurt. If you used a knife or a broken bottle as a weapon you never got

caught in the necessary anger."

There was a music code in Canada and Sears adhered to it completely. But he also developed an early interest in reading, particularly when he discovered hundreds of books saved through out his grandfather's house. "They were all over the place," Sears recalls. "There was everything. Hemingway, Raynor, Sinclair Lewis. At the time they were very modern writers. But there were also books on philosophy and poetry. It was a catholic library. I read things in hurry as Victor Hugo's *Les Misérables* read it by the light of a coal oil lantern. I don't pretend I understood it, but I read it."

His early interest in books was less, however, as he struggled with the confusions of developing manhood. "It finished grade eight and there wasn't anything to keep me at home. You could get a job anywhere by that time and I was quite large for my age. I was getting into beer parlors when I was 15. There were lots of pubs to take. I suppose, trouble is we didn't know any of them. When you're growing up lacking in education, surrounded by others looking to education you don't know what you're missing. It was years before I met anyone who had been to university. We felt that the only men who worked were muscle men — skiving boys swinging in suits. There was much more emphasis on the manual."

He sailed the Great Lakes, loaded lumber for a time was a cowboy. "I guess a lot of that has a romantic ring. Whereas it was actually dull as hell. For example, I was now working out in Alberta for three months. I just sat on a horse and looked at cattle, that's all it was. What it meant was estimating little calves making sure the calves didn't get lost. After you spent two or three weeks on the range you begin to smell like a bloody cow. You have manure all over you in your boots in your hair. There's nothing romantic about it."

As soon as he was old enough, in 1945, he joined the navy and spent the remainder of the war on a pack unit, worked into a minesweeper. After the war he became a policeman in Ontario. By that time he was married to a Whiskey girl he'd met in the navy and there were children. And his drinking was turning to get out of hand. "One day I got three my badge in the chest, picked a suitcase full of booze, headed out to Calgary and stayed drunk."

His father and mother had separated by then and Thomas Sears was a fairly prosperous contractor in there. He moved in with his father, "I asked

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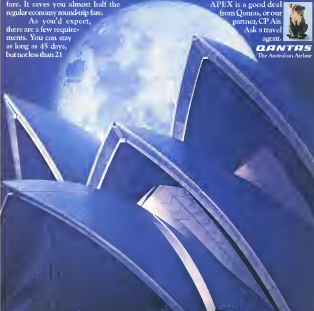
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IN PRAISE OF OLDER PEOPLE

For one thing, they kiss better
By BETTY JANE WYLIE

There never has been a better time in history to be middle-aged. Today thanks to improved nutrition, tidy cosmetics and a close watch on the cholesterol and triglycerides men and women are aging gracefully and slowly and having fun while they're at it. My generation knows how white it still can.

Take sex. Grown-ups do, in fact, in their own, which is good for us. None of your milk-and-water, will-be-or-won't-be fumbles of youth. Grown-up sex is a powerhouse with a wealth of expertise behind it. I had a friend who long ago was kissed good-night by a boy she liked. She had a rummy nose and she was too embarrassed to tell him as he gulped her. The kiss was a disaster. That never happens to grown-ups, you get to spell it out.

Middle age is a longer period of well-being than it ever was. Gone are the psychosomatic postnatal dips of youth, along with drama and nipped corsets and assorted growing pains — and when did you last have a zit on your face? If we're going to get sick, we're going to get really sick, like hospital sick, but in between we're alert and enjoying life.

I know more people over 40 who have taken up tennis with the post-boomers than young people who have had babies. Babies are not terror to me. Also, walking, jogging, keep-fit courses, and jogging. I myself am a better, stronger swimmer now than I have ever been in my life. And I'm making enough not to want to swim Lake Ontario.

There have been complaints for several years that current fashions were only suitable for the young. The rain coats and hot pants were less than ideal to the generous thighs or spindly shanks (depending on hair and age) of mature women. And the dry look and the flower made mature men—even those with abundant hair look as if they were soapies. But we seem to be catching the pendulum on a nation trip. The emphasis in fashion is no longer on the casual

though it hasn't yet reached the uptight. Clothes are simply coming of age again and middle-aged people are allowed to look like grown-ups.

We have come through a recent period during which the young have browbeaten their elders. Disillusioned by the wars of the century and man's seeming inability to learn anything from experience, a whole generation insisted on doing its collective shoulder and let its flower children have a whack at running things. The result was a moral sludge, lightened, but not illuminated, by sincerity and an earnest desire to feel all hang out. As the pendulum has been swinging on fashion, so it has been moving back in the area, carrying behavior and attitudes with it. I get the feeling that somewhere along the line, we've taken over again. Middle age is back in business. A generation has joined us, of course, riding on that pendulum. All it took was time.

Funny thing about time. It's measurable. This can sometimes be an advantage. It was with real surprise that I suddenly realized I have been hiking bread for more than 20 years. After all this time I know years and I can compensate for my enthusiastic or sluggish qualities, as the case may be. I handle things very well and I have the patience to let it grow at its own speed. I have the confidence to back it and done and not regret a timer tells me to remove it. It's too simple an analogy, of course, to compare baking bread to dealing with people, but the point is, after you've been doing something for 20 years, you must have learned something. That's one of the joys of middle age. Most of the time you know what you're doing.

Amory has always been quietly assured, so no one else. Our serious, uncloped hands, the calm brow, the bowed head nodding graciously to the inevitable, but solemn, or an approximation of it, is granted to the middle-aged as well. Remember when, in

younger days, you had to go to the bunk room when you were on a date? Or the uncomplaisance, the expressions and, sometimes, even the self-imposed silence one went through rather than cut one's physical need? Girls of my generation would rather have been caught dead than be seen being or carrying a load of untidy supplies. Remember the plain brown paper the box used to be wrapped in by your scrupulous neighborhood druggist? But the box was a giveaway and somehow the scrupulous boy in the school would want to talk to you when you were for once, in an agonizing hurry and stood first on one foot and then on the other, with the wicked box behind your back. But he knew, eh, he knew? You could tell from the grin on his face. What I can't remember or understand is why we were embarrassed and why he grinned. Mindfully that embarrassment is all past now. If anything, the only problem today is to honor the delicacy of any young people you happen to be living with and spare them from your studies.

We have more than just security, we have confidence. The nice thing about middle-aged confidence is that it's not arrogant. Lots of young people have that. They rush in where angels have a rough time of it because they don't know any better, not because they know how. Middle age may not know how either, but it has survived mistakes before and lived to laugh about them so why not one more?

There's a new-age magazine my children used to get that had a column in it called "Win My Face Red." Kids were supposed to write in and tell of some embarrassing experience and conclude "was my face red?" The embarrassing experience they wrote about were nothing. I mean nothing. Getting on the wrong bus, speaking up at the wrong

Betty Jane Wylie is a Stragford, Ontario, journalist and playwright.

The weather beater.

A woman's mid-life crisis used to arrive when she became invisible to men. Fortunately, men's eyes are getting better

time in class, dropping the theme in a crowded cafeteria — what grown-up girl puts over such daily trivia? For still real, my being 30 years more and now what you get Addison Hinkel calls the gifts that stick around to haunt one "boaters," because they will keep floating up as one's consciousness, never to be equated. If you have survived one or two boaters, you can face the world, bloody you, howed, yet, but nonetheless prepared to go on. That's confidence, and you don't have anything to compare with it.

In spite of the reemergence of the feminist movement there are still some women who refuse to middle-age gracefully. I'm not just sure who they are looking. Most mature men, think good men, prefer middle-aged women to young ones and all women can spot a ringer instantly. It's a strong game of best and fill of pride. I never did try to be about my age because I'm terrible at authentic. Also I have a very good memory. One dear friend told me you have to practice a wide-eyed look and learn to say "Who's Woman Bigger?" with absolute accuracy. It's not easy to erase the memory banks and it's not worth it, but some women try.

Hope is a quality uniquely granted to the middle-aged and not to youth. Youth is generally a hopeless time. Having lived through the slaps and arrows of half a lifetime since, middle-aged people are willing to believe, thanks to their experience of past their emotions, that there will be a better tomorrow. A little better. And if not then, maybe later. Young people have less hope. Hope is unreasonable and arbitrary. We who have developed reason know enough to realize that reason is not enough, and so we have hope.

Forgiveness is another quality lacking in youth but given to middle-age. We have been hurt so many times and we have stepped on so many toes ourselves and been forgiven, that we have finally developed a kind of conscious forgiveness. It's only young people who say "never." "I'll never forgive you." "I'll never speak to you again." "I'll never forget." Never is somehow useful and disappears as time passes. Not that one does not still get hurt, but I find that forgiveness comes more readily than it did. A word of warning, you must keep your forgiveness to yourself. Being forgiven practically makes people resentful. It's very hard to forgive being forgiven.

The really big bonus is that in middle age it is possible to forgive oneself. I'm forgetful of names. By this time I have a

whole history of blunders that make me wince.

"How do you do?" I said to someone I thought I had never met, it was an acquaintance I had joined "The Betty Jane Wyle." "The So-and-So," and the person, "and that's the name you've used that in me." I should have changed my name.

But I can forgive myself. I can't condone it, but I have learned to live with it. I have also decided I am going to forgive myself for being unable to garden. The only thing I can use effectively as any voice. Words don't like me. And I repeat words. The worst thing about gardening or the look of it is that it's so public. We have this pool. Other than the pool, the backyard looks like a vine playground. Everyone knows I can't swim. No possibility of losing it. So I'm going to forgive myself. Any day now.

For a long time it was thought that only creative artists experienced what has become known as the mid-life crisis, that poem, in life when the artist either does up, dies or — the happiest solution — tears around twice, from the sunset and comes upon his peak years of production. But the fact is that everyone faces a mid-life crisis. It's fun to use to answer for a woman when she became invisible to men, it came for a man when the elevator operator started calling him sir. Fortunately, men's eyes are getting better and they keep on seeing women past the bloom of youth, and most elevators are self-operated.

Many housewives face the mid-life crisis now by changing jobs. The old ideal of getting the gold watch after 50 years of loyal service to one firm is dying fast. A new job is a new company, often in a new, though related, field does wonders for the mind and the company. And I say emphatically, better a new job than

a new wife. Men often say both.

As for women, they never had it so good. Feminism is making such headway that even the most conservative women are doing something more about middle age than coloring their hair. At an age when my mother's pretensions was getting serious about in cinema and curling, my friends are taking courses in everything from sociology to Russian, getting jobs in their old fields, or going back to school in preparation for meaningful work. One friend found that so much had happened in her field (biochemistry) that it would take the equivalent of a new university degree to catch up, and her memory isn't what it used to be. Her college-going daughter gave her some Valium. It helps to aid her memory but the keeps forgetting to take them. That's one of the creations of middle age that we will stop plugging out.

Margaret Mead was correct all along, telling women men before Betty Friedan, that two careers were possible, not only possible but necessary. She pointed out that as more women entered childbearing, the raising of children and with increasing vigor and health, faced a long, active middle age. They would need a second career beyond that of motherhood. The far side of menopause is all bad, according to Mead.

Maybe politics is the best field for mature women to go into. They won't have to mind, any more. Kurosaki is the House of Commons spokesman, then they have one. And usually, the mature women are no less. Her children are grown but husband stills be gone. Women face a longer middle age than men. And old age too. It with that were not so. Being alone when you're getting used to that aging. In both cases, though, there's only one way to do it one day at a time. ☐



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THE MAN WITH THE GOLDEN SCALPEL

Repairing the ravages of time
BY JOHN GAULT

He asked me if I'd ever seen an operation before, and I told him I hadn't, though as a reporter I had seen people who'd been crushed up in car accidents, burned in fires and drowned. He said a really won't the same thing, because this operation was on a face, and it could involve even those who'd seen other types of surgery. If I felt sorry or anything, he cautioned, I was to just walk out of the operating room. His name reinforced these instructions.

I entered the room just as Dr. Harold Silver, the cosmetic surgeon, was about to start cutting. First, the eyes, and then, when that was finished, the face-lift itself. The patient, a woman of about 50 — thus a typical face-lift patient by age and sex — was briefly draped in green garb and most of her head was covered. Only the face was visible, the eyes were puffy, cheeks pinched, neck skin loose. There were a few lines etched on it. To her right, a hanging plastic bag of intravenous (Ibid.) slowly dripped its contents into her arm. Her face was frozen, but she was awake — very uncomfortable, but awake. I noticed that my host was left-handed. He cut above the eye, along the natural line of the upper lid, trimmed off a strip of skin, nipped off my big hair and then, then poked out and cut off deposits of fat. He was quick and very sure and there was little bleeding. Then he did the same on the other eye. He kept talking to the woman from time to time, muttering softly, calling her "sweetheart," and she'd answer him in



her dreamily but quite aware way. I wasn't just pretending to be fascinated. I was. I was also struck at the skill of this man. I was hoping the conversation would overcome the other thing I was starting to feel.

That other feeling became overwhelming when he started on the lower lip. He cut along the eyelash line and with scissors plucked down into the "bags." Then, using small scissors and tweezers, he cut out the fat, which created those bags, also nipping off skin along the incision. His assistant, a woman, motherly woman, asked me if I

wanted a chair and I said no, I thought I'd better get out for a few minutes. I nipped off the endpapers, was good enough as I got outside the door and gulped air. She came out too.

"Was a hot one there?" I asked hopefully. "Oh, it is just a hot one."

"It's just you," she replied, offering me coffee and condiments.

In a few minutes I returned to the operating room. Dr. Silver moved apologetic and his eyes smiled. Then he proceeded to touch up her eyelids, which he'd finished trimming in my absence. Berthouze's Fifth was coming through on the stereo system, normally he prefers Mendelssohn for operating, but I guess he was in a Ludwig Van mood that day.

I stayed through until the very end, through the face-lift itself. In the following week, I related the experience to all sorts of people. Some of them thought I was crazy, others thought that anybody who'd go through a face-lift and eye-job was crazy. Well, I told them, I'd discovered a paper prepared at Johns Hopkins which indicated that some people who desire face-lifts tend to have some emotional problems. That doesn't mean they're crazy, of course (although there was a fellow down in North Carolina who was so unhappy with the cosmetic surgery done on his penis that he shot the surgeon dead). What the Johns Hopkins team discovered concerning potential conse-

John Gault, an associate editor of *Maclean's*, never gets an operation.

To the conservative wing of the medical profession, cosmetic surgery is immoral, talent wasted on a spoiled, screwed-up few

be surgery patients was that they displayed very few of the attitudes psychologists and psychiatrists feel are necessary for a person adjusting to stable age. Such attitudes include a variety of talent, an open mind, a healthy self-image and a realization that one's capacities change, and that help from others, at the proper times, should be welcomed. These ill patients showed up poorly when these attitudes were tested. Generally, they were lonely people, according to the study, and what the faculty did for them was help them to convince themselves they weren't as old as their birth certificates indicate, for as long as they appeared young to others, they certainly couldn't be old in their minds.

Dr. Harold Silver said to believe all of these things — not only believe them but act about them. The textbooks said that unless a person has a good, solid, objectively valid reason for seeking cosmetic surgery, then he or she should be denied it. "At one time I thought what I was doing was not valid," he told me "because the feeling [by the medical profession] was that if patients got themselves together as total entities, they wouldn't be preoccupied with their physical appearance."

"Well, that's bullshit."

Twenty years of practice and a five-year medical study of all branches of psychology have taught him that objective validity has nothing to do with anything. People were telling him what they thought he wanted to hear because they wanted cosmetic surgery, he was telling himself what he wanted to hear because he wanted to do that surgery. "As I live, come, move, create, that people will say anything if they want something done and that you will say anything if you want to do something, it was a great relief — not to have to sit in judgment of other people's minds."

Still, he reserves the right to turn down patients. There are medical grounds of course, congenital, high blood pressure, coronary problems and diabetes are the main ones. He will also turn away people but, as patients tell him, he will be unable to communicate with 100% — people who will expect more than he can give them. He won't reveal what he normally charges for the various cosmetic services he provides, and because the services are not covered by any insurance program, public aid programs, there is no way of financing any. For the same reason there is no way of determining how many such surgeries are done in Canada each year.

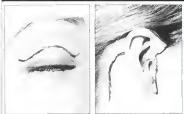
The staple operations are the eye-job, the nose job and the face-lift. They represent to Dr. Silver more than 500 operations a year. The staple difference between cosmetic (plastic) surgery and cosmetic surgery is that the latter involves making people who look normal look better (hopefully) while the former is devoted to making ugly or misshapen people look normal (or more normal). There are still vestiges of controversy about cosmetic surgery within the medical profession: the conservative wing thinks it's immoral, plain and simple, for a talented surgeon to spend his time supporting the vanity of a spoiled, screwed-up few.

Which was one of the reasons he shifted the great bulk of his practice from the hospital — where, he says, the nurses were taking constant shots at his patients about the fact that they, the nurses, had not people to look after, and that included Dr. Silver's spoiled middle-aged boys — and into a suite at the Royal York Hotel in Toronto. He is the only doctor who operates out of a hotel. There were other reasons as well, including the fact that he likes to control his environment. He dropped the same personality and headpiece to a complete and highly skilled staff, including

the anesthetist and two crack vaginal nurses. The suite does in various shades of brown mostly the likes cash colors, includes a spacious operating room and a recovery room that will accommodate four patients at a time.

But there are any number of other advantages. For one thing, the hotel atmosphere, as opposed to that of the hospital premises, speeds recovery. The patient I witnessed being operated on was on her way home within three hours after surgery with dark glasses and a scarf covering the stitches. Her bandages, she may or may not have onto a full meal and had a drink that night, that would have been up to her. Maybe she took a 222 or something for the pain, but probably not, because there wouldn't have been very much pain, as Dr. Silver knows and McGill's world-renowned pain specialist Dr. Ronald Melnick has proven is created or at least enhanced by the expectation of pain. Dr. Silver's whole approach is designed to eliminate that anticipation.

One of two or even six-hour patients can stay at the Royal York, and do so both anonymously and far less expensively than in a hospital. Hospital beds in Toronto start at more than \$100 a day while two-room suites at the Royal York



Cosmetic surgery — in fact just about all plastic surgery — is so closely related to the arts as to confuse. It is sculpture certainly in that it is and proves of the medium are sliced, trimmed, or even (in the case of nose jobs) chopped away. Or, in the case of implants — silicone to fill out sunken cheeks, for example — it is construction, adding to rather than taking from. These photographs show the rather vital planning stages, preliminary sketches of your face. For the two most common cosmetic surgery procedures — the eye-job (blepharoplasty) and face-lift (rhytidoplasty). Cuts are made along the lines skin is pulled back and carved sensors inserted to glass away the excess fat. The skin is then chipped off the new edge brought together and neatly, virtually invisibly sewn.

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WINNERS MOST DELICIOUS CHAMPAGNE TROPHY

The purpose of the exercise is to make the recipient look better but not different. She should never have to admit having it done

start at \$75, and single sessions can be had for as little as \$25 a day. The food may not be the best in town, but it's a hell-of-a-lot better than hospital fare. Not that he has that many out-of-town clients — he is not a jet-set darling. Nor does he want to be.

When young Harold was growing up in the Jewish ghetto in London, his father, who was in the dress business, wanted him, "If you work with the rich, you eat with the poor" (and vice versa). He's 47 now, but he's kept that advice in mind and he applies it industriously to his patients from all the socioeconomic payment at the time of the operation. The great majority of his patients come from the middle class, which depicts the surgeon as a conservative in something the very rich incline to when they get bored or tired. He does a great many schoolteachers, for example. Without giving anything away in terms of fees, he points out that a good many teachers figure, for example, would think ending of spending \$2,000 for a summer in Europe. What you think about it, \$2,000 for a "new" face is no big thing.

Face-lift and eye-job patients (nearly both are done in the same time, though they may be done separately) are naturally female — 85% to 100%, though 90 years ago it was 87% female — and between the ages of 30 and 60, an epoch when North Americans particularly begin to show dramatic signs of aging. What happens, inevitably, is that skin loses its elasticity and begins to sag and creases form in the cheeks, wrinkles under the chin and wrinkles everywhere developing under the eyes, and the upper lids become puffy with fat. Other parts of the face may lose fat, which the cosmetic surgeon assumes aplasia with silicone injections. Dr. Silver also does breast implants and the occasional facelift from, but not in his office, these are hospital operations. His specialty is "facial rejuvenation," and his interpretation of a successful one is one which makes the recipient appear dramatically changed and happy with what's been done. She should never have to admit that she's had it done. Like friends should be able to look at her and say "You know, there's something different about you, but I'll be damned if I can figure out what it is. Anyway, you look better." It's underneath a way, he says, that cosmetic surgeons — like certain pilots — are so rarely known by their successes. He's had disappointed patients, moved by what he calls "miscommunication" — the patient didn't

understand what Silver said he could do by eliminating the rinky-neck of the neck and by obtaining a sense of tension during every procedure — he looks relaxed, but certainly not nonchalant — he knows his failures almost to the point of remorse. Properly done, a face-lift lasts five to eight years and longer, depending on the age of the patient and rate of degeneration; the operation can be repeated any number of times, if so desired.

Dr. Silver finished stitching the woman's eyes just as the fifth audience member applauded and he took a little bow and smiled "Now," he said



his patient, "we'll do the rest."

He made incisions about an inch behind her hairline from the top of the forehead down to the top of the ears, then down along the front of the ears where they meet the cheeks, the rest then proceeded up along the back of the ear and across to the neck hairline. He had a actually, about an inch from the back, and then down. With a pair of long-handled, short-bladed, curved scissors he planed the skin away from the fat layer so that it became a flap. This was done without movement or collapse, by tension held by experience. With an electric needle, he entered the blood vessels underneath, one by one, then washed and cleaned the exposed area; there was no bleeding to speak of afterward. This procedure virtually eliminates the one major wrinkle of face-lift surgery — under-the-skin bleeding, or hematoma.

He then pulled the fat layer more tightly together with stitches which

would remain forever under the skin. Then he pulled the skin toward and over the incisions, and lock-stitched it, part of the ear was momentarily covered by skin that had once been in front of it. He began to trim away the excess skin, again very slowly and quickly — it takes sleep here, and one maybe half-an-inch wide there. When he was done the new perimeter fitted precisely, with stitching, in place. The scars would be almost totally undetectable except in strong light, with a magnifying glass, because of their position and because of the precision cutting and fitting. (There was a very Renée some taking place in the operating room while he was stitching the face, his assistant, most of her role completed, was doing needlepoint, I could not resist turning my head, tennis-fashion, from one to the other; the Berthouze — I think the Seventh was playing by that time — added another bitter aspect, because both seemed to be studying in awe to it.)

Dr. Silver cleaned up the blood on the woman's face and head which had dripped out before closing; there was no seepage. She was taken to the recovery room to rest off the effects of the tranquilizer; her face was bandaged, but only until she was ready to go home a few hours later. The eye stitches would be removed two or three days later, and the other stitches a week afterward. She complained, sleepily, that her face didn't feel tight enough, which I suppose is natural since she was expecting that sort of sensation. Dr. Silver assured her it was just right. I could see how effective the work had been: the pudgy cheeks were gone, and the whole under the chin had disappeared. I can't comment on the eyes, because there was a lot of stitching, but the cheeks looked very youthful. Her expression had been virtually passive, though there are accounts of unhappy patients receiving face-lift responses. Some even go into a state of shock, but that is extremely rare.

Since the day I witnessed the operation, I've been asked a number of times if I would recommend cosmetic surgery, or even, someday, have it done myself. The answer to both is probably no. I would certainly recommend Dr. Harold Silver to anybody who wanted it and whom I considered relatively sane, because I've seen him work. But I can also recommend a good experience as hair-ryol without going through the hassle to make it. As Dr. Silver himself says, anybody can cut a diamond with an axe. But that doesn't mean you'd take the Hope to him. ☐

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DON'T EXPECT THE BEAR TO DANCE

In this zoo, the animals have dignity

BY MARGARET ATWOOD

Zoo makes me nervous. The first I sawed animal I ever saw was at a roadside gas station back in the Farwest when it was not unusual to find scarily, badly nourished, miserable bears, dirt moseys, porcupines and even sloths used as tourist curiosities. The kids could shove hot dog cream and Poppycock sticks through the bars at them while their parents looked up. My first experience was with a fox, which was paying no attention to anyone; it was simply pacing back and forth releasing its steps rhythmically in a rapid, figure-eight pattern. I was a child, but I knew it wasn't happy; I didn't realize until much later that it was probably crazy as well.

It comes in a surprise to most people that animals can be driven around just as people can, and by many of the same methods. Imagine yourself in a small dirty cage with little room to move around, no one to talk with and nothing to do. You get fed the same boring meals at the same hours every day and a noisy crowd is constantly outside your cage yelling, pointing and sometimes throwing things at you. Now figure out how long it would take before you would lose all interest in anything, retreat into a corner to rest your fur and chew your toes or start running in circles. The exhibition of crazy people as a popular entertainment went out with beatboxing and public brawls, but—due to lack of space, money and sometimes lack of knowledge—the exhibition of animals that have been rendered crazy by human beings continues.

This is the kind of thing Toronto's new Metro Zoo is trying to avoid. The additional zoo was a cross between a circus freak show and a museum with the natural "exhibits" straggled side by side in little cubicles. This kind of zoo was essentially a Victorian institution and the Victorians were great collectors and classifiers, so they put all the cats together in the cat house, all the monkeys in the monkey house, all the birds in the bird house and so forth. Unfortunately, the animals might as well have been

stuffed and kept in glass cases, all you could see was what they looked like, as they rarely had the chance to display any form of natural behavior. The arrangement was not realistic for people—while all the animals crowded together, not much walking was involved—but it fell on the animals.

The Toronto Zoo, however, was planned for the welfare of the animals as well as that of the visitors, and its ranging animals are given lots of space to run (away from people, if they feel bothered) you have to do a lot of hiking to get around to see the place. Fences and bars have been kept to a minimum, replaced by moats filled with water or by steep-walled ditches. Instead of having a Victorian style floor plan, it's laid out according to "zoogeographic regions," which means that animals from the same part of the world are exhibited together in habitats resembling those they came from. A number of other zoos, including the Alberta Game Farm, have open ranges, but the Metro Zoo is the only zoogeographic zoo in the world.

It's like a small-scale Expo-67 but with only six "continents": Africa, South America, Indo-Malaya, Eurasia, North America and Australia. Most areas are planned—a Canadian one, the World of Ocean (a giant aquarium) along with a South American pavilion and rewilderies.

Each zoogeographic region has both large outdoor enclosures, where big animals interact to Canadian visitors can live all year round, and indoor pavilions, where smaller animals and those who need warmth are kept behind acrylic panels rather than bars. Every pavilion displays fish, plants, birds and reptiles as well as mammals, and some add black and human artifacts. Africa, for instance, currently houses several cases of safari tools, clothing and equipment. The pavilions themselves were designed with

Margaret Atwood is the author of two novels, several volumes of poetry and fiction, a study of Canadian literature.



Dr. Gunter Voss spent four years putting the zoo together. He was forced to open prematurely, things went wrong, and he was fired

the animals in mind. First the space needed by each animal was determined, then, an environment consisting of plants, flowers, water and trees was mapped into the walls and roofs were added last. Instead of fitting animals into buildings, the zoo has fitted the buildings around the animals.

When I went to the zoo for the first time I realised that I couldn't see everything. It's simply too big. In fact it took me two visits to see it all. Part of it, at that time, still looked like an unfinished housing development. There were vast areas of raw earth, grass, trees, carefully selected by a geologist, being moved around, an assemblage of pipes and concrete destined to be a giant waterfall and the recreational lake pool with its water can be a giant water park or a water park by mistake.

In the finished sections, I often felt more like a casual stroller in a natural landscape than a zoologist. There was something on a hill I couldn't quite see, but I reached before I lost it completely. Occasionally, I would glimpse a pair of cars there a head light, a tail light, a rear light, the long glass, of 15 vehicles, I could see only one that had chosen to park itself visible. I kept to walk. I'd brought my binoculars. The amount of space allotted to each animal of the world, not only for the animals but for the keeper who must sometimes be not merely a passive spectator but a full-fledged hunter.

Inside the park, I found myself walking among the animals rather than being separated from them. Birds flying, low, drift over your head and scintillate over the ground-cover plants, in the presence of birds, the traditional standards, gobblers and monkeys clambered through their metal or wooden jungles and vined at the air in a narrow mist. The path for people is winding rather than straight, the barriers are upright but rather than metal railings, I'd always associated zoo with iron - grey french fry pipes, half-eaten candy-apples, broken glass of popcorn, bullet-riddled acorn-corn - but there was a surprising absence of litter at the Toronto Zoo partly because the monkeys and chimpanzees carefully designed to hand with the monkey are not engaged by unresolvable symptoms of garbage eating. I think because the animals are so proud of the zoo. Many of them helped to build it and they don't want it broken like a dump.

I turned both my eyes only to the day, which was the first time to go. Many animals, especially those from

warm climates died in the afternoon - meaning it was an active time for them. One of the lions had recently had cubs which were up and playing much like kittens although their mothers were in the barren steppe.

In South America, I was told to hear the white-headed guinea fowling on short wings, adding like unfeeling arrows a morning, various guinea fowling returned from their days of living in the jungle later in the day they were silent.

The orangutans - the zoo is lucky enough to have two pairs of these rare primates - were getting ready for their day, one female was badly overeating



a cut out of hay, when I passed their enclosure, there, the male roared as if he'd a cup. Here, the female live like a black leather moon with curiously childlike face teeth, was hanging upside down inside the acrylic plastic barrier, gazing placidly up at the few early visitors. Behind that mirror pose I knew he was alert and mischievous, he'd almost stronger than a man and would reflect the chance to prove it. I managed to see some of the animals getting fed in a handful among grapes up in the red and orange trees in his gastric back the chimpanzees drinking their milk labeled as gently, ELIZABETH BIRD. During the early hours I found the walk almost deserted, the viewing seats adequate, but later in the day when the crowds had arrived I sometimes had trouble finding a vantage point.

Since the zoo opened, it's had more than its share of problems - with the experimental design, finances and with animal housing matters. They all culminated in the controversial firing of zoo director Dr. Gunter Voss (above), who spent four years helping to design the layout - some of the ideas simply didn't work out. A whole lot of his boss learned to scale the wall around

their enclosure and raised a nearby apple orchard. The lowland gorilla's digestive needs had to be corrected so the forest of the gorilla was the gorilla's thing though his window is also become apparent that the lions could leap from their potterhouse balconies across a river and use the walking crowd. The monkeys promptly dug a hole in the early hours of their enclosure and disappeared into it. The polar bear's huge pond sprung a leak and they had to be confined to the monkey world ponding again. A black vulture attacked a little girl though people are under provision. The animals have been remarkably inventive in finding ways to wiggle, dig, push, jump or even their way to monkey freedom. Whenever they have been a story about one of these, the zoo has been flooded with calls from people who think they've seen the animal. "Ghost animals," the zoo calls them. "I've never seen an animal before," one woman reported. "But I've seen it and it was obviously there." I think it was dead.

Now, disheartened that the monkeys, in the health hazard to some of the animals which has developed from the design problems. For example, the earth from the animal quarters, as a means to create a more natural environment, could not be properly cleaned and are being replaced by concrete which can be hosed down. Dirt from garbage walkways cannot be washed away, it's just regrettably in the walkways are being paved.

The zoo was designed so that some animals could go into hibernation if they wanted to get away from visitors. And there were strong complaints that some of the animals couldn't be seen. The tendency of the design to create a need for security frustrated a certain kind of zoo visitor who wants the animals to pay attention to him, to perform like trained circus bears.

Confronted by a poor attendance record (the zoo opened under that Voss wanted it to, unfinished and eight in the middle of a winter strike) and a daily dose of adverse publicity, the zoo director Dr. Voss and his staff, on a new million dollar program to force some of the animals out of hiding.

The zoo's troubles have not affected the staff's basic concern for the welfare of the animals, such as the polar bear, a house like polar bear. He's a handsome animal, with an impressive beard and colorful fur, and before his arrival he behaved normally. Since then, however, he's killed two of his house, matted a third and no one knows why. "What

about the psychotic glands?" I asked Lawrence Cull, a veteran of London's Regent's Park Zoo who's responsible for animal acquisitions. "I wouldn't go so far as to label him psychotic," he said. "He's just a bear." "There've been times when I've felt like killing my wife," "that you didn't do it," I said. "Well, he probably has a lot of other reasons than I did," Cull replied.

His reform attitude is typical of the zoo's staff. The animals come first and rather than being valued for his loyalty to the zoo, the staff is valued for his loyalty to the animals. And the Toronto Zoo policy reflects this attitude. Animal injuries are treated by two full-time veterinarians (two vets meet here one) who have at their disposal an operating room, a laboratory, a post-mortem suite, an intensive care unit, and a toxicology lab, and those toxicologists.

The zoo also work with the hand nutrition in devising proper diets and which for certain health problems. Part of their strategy is to keep the animals from getting bored so the more they are moved and the food is often served in different places. Sometimes it's even hidden so the animals must search for it as they would have to in the wild. Behind the scenes the zoo has a luxury hotel. Five million dollars worth of water mains and power lines are buried beneath the surface. The zoo takes on one plan in its greenhouse. It has a giant kitchen when food is prepared for each individual animal according to precise recipes. Its large classrooms and lecture room many things, such as honey, corn syrup, cereals, milk and fruit that you would find in your own kitchen. Though there are a few more such as frozen meat and day-old chicks that you probably couldn't. President Ensign in charge of public education, used to do PR at London's tiny Zoo World. "Watching the animals at work," the staff, "was like watching a very, very important guest arrive at the Savoy. All that fuss."

Zoo staff make me nervous. There's something about animals in cages, even the harmless non-carnivores of the Toronto Zoo that both of them. But the zoo staff is so thoughtful that the people are not being disappointed to find this zoo most of the animals come from other zoos. And it's a sobering fact that many of the species have a much better chance of surviving outside a zoo than they do out of it. Some animals (like the New World's deer and the European bison), or others, are extinct in the wild. Part of the zoo's program involves breeding it

plants to increase the populations of rare animals, and it continues improve, to select those that are the most suitable habitats. It's disturbing that in Canada alone there are 66 endangered species. The Red Data Book of world endangered species lists four volumes.

Why do we do it? Why does mankind continue to kill? Why do humans bring lavish enormous amounts of money, time, and expertise on preserving and peering at creatures that other human beings are just as busy hunting, killing, skinning, stuffing for

trophies and eating? Perhaps it's the invariable curiosity of human beings, a genetic curiosity, that's inherent in the human being. It's coming back to him from the genetic enclosure. Or perhaps, the zoo is finally a work of art, a symbol of an attempt to create a healing space, an Eden-like Edenic Kingdom, to preserve a world of forms that when men and animals lived in a more balanced harmony than they share now, a time before the big-headed monkeys invented agriculture and began to crowd the earth.



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BE NICE TO YOUR SUPER

It doesn't hurt to curry favor. Your toilet too may plug one day

By ROBERT THOMAS ALLEN

The other day a little guy standing between two apartment buildings high enough to cause wind told me that if something went wrong with the plumbing in his apartment he had to phone an office downtown, he assigned a number and was to hear from someone, sometimes waiting for a week or 10 days. One day he went out and found the superintendent's office himself. "There was just a girl there talking on the phone and laughing," he said. "I told her 'You're sitting there drinking Coke and making dates while my toilet doesn't work.'"

He asked me not to mention his name (because he said nervously, things were around there like wildfire) and left an empty styrofoam cup rolling against his heels — a sad example of what apartment living is doing to modern man, or what's left of him.

About 3.5 million Canadians at last count depended on apartment superintendents for everything from changing tap washers to deciding when paint color they'd have to live with all their brains exposed. A few tenants put up a backlist sheet of payment signs. Like one man I was told of. Early one morning he took the run of the end of a radiator with his wife's sewing machine plans to let the air out. But he couldn't get it on again and just stood with his finger in the hole until he was figured by the superintendent would have finished his breakfast and phoned him. Others simply refuse to ask for anything. "There's nothing to fixing it if I just had a screwdriver and a bulb," one dedicated friend of mine said, explaining why he hadn't phoned about a leader light going out. "It's just that I want to go through the superintendent." He said it the way he'd say "I'd have to go through the Department of Lands and Forests."

"The alleged unkind poverty of the male," which is the way the Social Planning Council of Metro Toronto, in a booklet called *Female In Anger*

Apartments, describes 100 people living as helpites in a nation in layers over a superintendent, in a new kind of unplanned tyranny. But it's not the worst kind that has resulted from the trend to apartment life. For the past couple of weekends I've been looking at apartments. In most places I won't stop to concentrate on the man for being distracted by the superintendents and their wives, and I worried as myself they'd never get the in a house. I was told of a man who said he heard someone blowing a bugle at three in the morning when there was nothing above or beside him but an 87-year-old widow, a mathematician and an empty linen closet and of people so nervous they were like the people in Rotarian who, during the war, began to hear bombs falling when there were no bombs falling. One man in a place of which the property manager had said, "The superintendent sets the tone of the building," told me not to worry about the questions at the social application. "They're really for the assignment," he explained, giving me an approving look, as if we both belonged to some club, like the Ancient Order of Moose. A friend of mine had told me of a place where the superintendent was more of a trustee man between the owner and the tenant, giving an impression of the area daily working out all the little problems that arise. But evidently the apartment had changed hands, because the superintendent told me he was waiting to catch a tenant who had moved without giving notice after putting him with flowers growing out of their heads all over the bathtub wall. "When I get him I'm going to break both his arms and throw him down 25 flights of stairs." He told me he was a black belt holder and his wife was a green-belt holder. "Karate is the only thing some people understand," he said as he walked on and told about a cop who lived there and how she'd put him in his place once

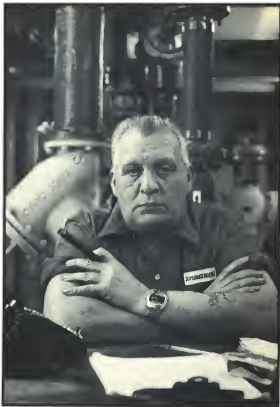
with: "How's your a tenant?" I looked around for the nearest exit.

But I wasn't any more desperate to find a there than I was in another apartment where the superintendent took my wife and me into his office to explain that he thought we should have a preliminary get-together just to see whether we all liked one another. "My standards are very high," he said. "We don't allow children or pets or young people." He looked out his office toward a lobby with the personality of a bank vault. "It might be the kind of apartment the women like," he said, "but it's the kind of apartment building I like."

Outside one ghastly complex a girl sat on the lawn, smoking a ketten, she recalled how she'd had a superintendent once who put up a sign telling the tenants to take off their shoes the night he would the lobby floor. He got fired, she said. But that doesn't happen often, so superintendents are hard to get.

It certainly must be hard to get men like the one we have in our building a fairly hot friendly old place where they've dominated the job of superintendent and put in a serious study the charge of a quiet moment Englishman who gets things done without throwing them an apparently huge phone list of electricians, plumbers and carpenters, and who still acts as doorman, greeting homeowners carrying packages — himself included — in the building would vote for him for mayor if he ever ran. But the duties is going fast, not in all directions apartments resembling hell blocks are going up. Every time I look out my window I see another old house stung by a worker's fence, workers pulling off the shingles and throwing solid oak businesses out the front door as make way for Canada's dynamic growth. I have visions of the best-

Robert Thomas Allen is the author of the recently published book, *How To Survive The Age Of Travel*.



PHOTOGRAPH BY GARY WELLS

For beach combers, we've got 165 peaceful beaches. For golfers, a challenging course. For the lucky a casino. For gourmets, unforgiveable West Indian dishes. For people who like night life, shows that'll give the muck time of their lives. So this spring, browse our play Azusa.

Play Antigua this spring

builder still needs: maybe looking at old family snapshots with his wife, surrounded by falling plaster and his extension ladders, paint brushes, spare rolls of wallpaper and other implements of domestic skills.

Apartments are a relatively new idea. You used to know only a few strong people living in a two-story apartment building between a delicatessen and a flower shop. These were run by a man who wore braces over long underwear tops and lived behind the furnace and was called the janitor. Most people loved

But he loved his home, and used to sit on the veranda in the evening smoking his pipe, hands behind his back, looking for cracks in the masonry as if he were studying beach studies by

another with triumphant wails, their heads just showing above the bottoms of the cellular windows, as if floating there detached, in a bright light. Then there'd be a great roiling sound and cheers and dogs barking and someone would holler up to his wife: "Just go up and see that coffee room, Fitch! I think that's free."

Helping neighbors who were short of tools and equipment was a way of life. One day a while ago I heard a man ask an apartment superintendent if he had a piece of rope that he could use to tie around the trunk of his car on which he was hauling something. The apartment superintendent, who was leaning on the front door just shook his head. Not that I blamed him: there was nothing in the lobby but two chairs chained to the floor. I've never seen a less likely place to find a rope or anything else you'd want. A request like that on our street would have been good for a half hour's neighborly visit. With much talking of the current state of affairs under windows and doors, behind fences and behind me, out of various rooms, I returned. Finding them stretched to stretch you thought you'd lost, like old red caps and coffee pots and maybe some boards, lengths of broken boards. We need

throw anything out. We could have filled some of the apartments' bedrooms. I've seen with old sheet music alone. Cellars were stuffed with things that might come in handy some day: toothbrush handles, old window blinds. Canadian flags staked out on the porches of the cooling racks; there were dozens full of cork, sealing wax, rubber bands, shards of violin rosin. Cellars combined the feeling of whitewashed masonry cells and frigories. One was usually full of the fumes of salamanders: sea anemones and melted bees (a place where things were shaped and molded and straggled down with screws and where you could fix a pine shingle earl over your head). Men spent a lot of time down in their cellars.

Women could fix most things themselves. A while ago when I was listening to a property manager who after receiving a call from a baffled tenant, had phoned one of his superintendents and asked, "How does Number 68 not fix

[illegible]

Actually I was kind of fond of that preponderant and in a strange way, a couple of others I've had including a woman who used to be in a premonition state of indignation and if somebody said anything to her she would shout though the clearer one would be that I hadn't been in with my women's before that. I can see her just sitting in the front helping the postman sort mail, looking back often with remarks like "He didn't do that himself to do."

Another one, a little cousin of a man I was once married with, was a very interesting fundamentalist who would come up to be a closer door than would open the trials and then just disappear among my old suits, still talking explaining that to believe we were not just here for some payment but like going the good Lord and the good Lord's things to get others who fit. "The world is a great place from inside one of them."

From inside one of them. "We like all these poor on roller skates." Sometimes when I was home writing, I used to make come having to talk with him. He reminded me of a neighbor we had once back in the days when we all lived in a small town. He was a very good, usually got another place on a road and he was he was always safely between a fence and some hollyhocks or up a ladder, or propping up his postage and fixing it with planks and patches of plywood not inside my clothes class living something.

We're so the knock of doing our own report because we're just in it. It's taken a long time to get the the apartment superintendent.

[illegible]

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CHRISTIAN CHILDREN'S

COND (adj) Temporarily, partially, etc. 1960-70
[Source: The Concise Oxford Dictionary]

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SHUT UP AND PASS THE BAKED ALASKA

Fatties may die a little sooner, but at least they don't die hungry

By W. GIFFORD-JONES, MD

A few years ago, Joa, an intelligent career girl, walked into my office excited because she had just lost 80 pounds. A doctor had put her on thyroid hormone and this, along with some dietary rules, had done the trick. Now she had bounce in her step, you could feel her excitement as she told her story. Why, she wondered, hadn't some doctor prescribed this treatment for her earlier?

The hormone produced by the thyroid gland is like the gas pedal of your car; it speeds up and slows down your metabolism. By giving extra amounts of the hormone, some doctors try to speed up your system and burn off more calories. But too much thyroid hormone can upset your bodily functions; some patients with hypothyroid thyroid glands need an operation to remove them. So while thyroid hormone treatment is, at theory, a neat solution to the problem of obesity, it doesn't always work. When people discontinue treatment, they sometimes revert to old habits and the fat comes back.

I didn't mention this to Joa. She was just too eager to consider that her marvelous method might just fly. But six months later, with less bounce in her step, she returned for a checkup, carrying those 80 pounds, but no signs. And, unfortunately, Joa's experience is by no means unusual.

Some doctors consider excess weight a major health hazard, and insurance companies have convincing statistics to show a real slanting year. But everything is relative. No one denies that obesity is bad for you, but a person 20 pounds overweight is usually different from someone carrying 50 pounds of excess weight. The doctor who says to his 35-year-old patient, "fat, you've got to lose 20 pounds before it causes trouble," has already caused trouble by raising the bar. Joe may lose a few pounds; he may even lose 20, but the severity he feels won't do him any good. A few months later, chances are he'll be back

where he started, depressed because he can't stay the same.

Jack doctor has overlooked the fact that his patient is 55; it would make just as much sense to tell Joe he has a little arthritis, or that his veins are less active or that his heart and lungs are not quite as sound as they once were. But there is an irrelevant tale in which to measure these problems, so people concentrate on weight, creating a problem where none may exist. And millions of people end up being treated for obesity by some very questionable methods.

Of course, medicine was once based on magic. A concoction of dogs' toes and asses' heaves was whipped up by an early practitioner as an alleged cure for the baldness of Egypt's Queen less more than 5,000 years ago. The Greeks blamed disease on the gods. Later generations firmly believed that epilepsy could be cured by having pieces of roasted cuckoo blown up their nostrils, and that the benefit of medication was greater if it were drunk from church bells. Even today some doctors advocate cures that if not quite so successful, are nevertheless highly doubtful. Some, for example, are hoodwinking the public about obesity.

The market for obesity treatments is big, and the short-term results are often good. But remember the man who easily gives up smoking: he's done it hundreds of times. Controlling your weight is like controlling diabetes; you must make a lifelong pledge. And, since we live only once, who wants to relinquish the pleasures of eating for the long-term? Only one in 1,000 has the necessary discipline to stick to his diet, the rest have a severe schizophrenic kind of awareness. They end up just about where they started.

Psychiatrists have a field day with obesity patients. The success or failure of any diet depends they argue, not on the stomach but the mind. The way to stop gaining and start slimming is to ad-

just that you are sick, that you have a compulsion to eat, that you are fat because you need love. Build up your self-esteem, they say. Make new friends—even though you couldn't hold on to the old ones. Purge a belly, such as purging or model airplanes. Get lots of sleep. Imagine yourself in slacks you haven't worn for months. Make good your friend, which is precisely what you've been doing for 20 years, and this is the problem.

Most doctors consider dieting a matter of arithmetic. Too many calories increase weight; use fewer decrease it. Many writers, therefore, have expounded middle-of-the-road diets. Other systems, carrying the names of famous clinics, but not sponsored by these clinics, have professed to tell you how to lose without really trying. People have spent millions for this advice, but it has not trimmed their waistlines. The moral here is spend less money on books and diets, and more effort putting yourself from the table.

Then there are anti-depressant pills promoted by the pharmaceutical companies. Some of these pills have come under scrutiny from the U.S. Food and Drug Administration. They may be habit-forming. They also may cause serious arrhythmia and adversely affect blood pressure. Still other drugs called diuretics, prescribed alone or with an appetite-depressant, rid the body of sodium, so patients are not losing fat but simply shedding water. The initial effect is thus impressive: they lose several pounds. Then the magic stops. If their willpower sets in or the game is over, short-term crashes cannot control a long-term problem. They can only postpone the moment of truth.

Another way to lose weight is to just

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Health salons may be a fine escape from boredom, alcoholism or a faltering marriage, but they are not a cure for obesity

casualties such as Weight Watchers, Mory's lemon company, and talking over problems with someone sympathetic can often help. But confronting Weight Watchers or Alcoholics Anonymous on some level does, in stretching a point, do use is going to get out of bed at 2 a.m. on a cold winter night to talk you out of making the salad.

The upper crust of society has health salons. They visit regular baths and apply used poultices to their faces and throw in the usual program of exercise and dining for good measure. Salons may be a fine escape from boredom, alcoholism or a faltering marriage, but what they give you at a holiday — not a cure for obesity.

Add it all up and one must conclude that patients usually lose obesity. The fast-and-run, off-symptom-symptom, unsavory ends where it began: in the kitchen table. But does it really make any difference?

The 240-pounder who would rather cook in his chips than stop eating will consider quibble sooner than his thinner friends, but how and why will depend on his weakest link. Some have heart attacks, others develop hypertension or diabetes. The first question is: would they have had any viable savings?

Let's call this patient Ed. He weighed more than 200 pounds by the time he was 15, but then — one in 1000 — he actually did something about it. By start fasting, he shed the extra weight and kept it off. Yet at 39 he suffered a fatal heart attack. How easy it would have been to blame obesity, if Ed had not bothered to slim down 25 years earlier. Another patient who controlled obesity for years died of a stroke at 50. How do you remember these conundrums?

Since adherence to diets probably gave these people a longer life. An obese person may refuse to diet and develop diabetes at the age of 45. But there is a good chance he would have developed the condition a few years later, in any case. In short, taking off weight can be beneficial, but it won't rid you of that weak link, you may still die from cancer, arthritis or an accident.

Life expectancy tables indicate that even slightly overweight people do not live as long as people with average weight. But statistics don't always tell the whole story. Patients may develop hypertension or suffer a stroke even if they are on the thin side. The body is a complicated organ, and it is difficult to think that a few extra pounds automatically leads to heart trouble. It is like believing that people who don't smoke never die of lung cancer.

But if the statistics are right, and if people 30 pounds overweight could lose a obesity by regimen dieting, would it be worth it? If they were rushed to the hospital with a coronary at the age of 70 instead of 80, would one extra year of life worth missing all that food? They might die in an accident or from some disease entirely unrelated to obesity long before their extra weight caused a coronary. To my knowledge, no one has ever studied whether the rate individual who win the obesity battle develops a serious stomach ulcer, the result of tension and frustration. Life has many variables. It's not enough to notice the gains simply in terms of extra pounds.

LOWLANDS FLING

Rembrandts in the galleries, whores in the windows

By SOL LITTMAN

Traffic was a mess the day we arrived in The Hague. Supplementing the usual five o'clock rush, Holland's farmers — in protest against the import of cabbage and tomatoes from Romania and the Soviet Union — had staged the Dutch parliament in backlogs with a double row of tractors and trucks effectively paralyzing the city.

While horns blipped and young blond giants waved banners and shouted slogans, The Hague's police force did its best. Bearded, dressed in pale blue uniforms, long hair flowing from caps to epaulettes, they looked more like extras in a musical comedy than honest-to-goodness cops.

As the waves of tramcars, buses, automobiles and buy wagons became more and more amenable, the police looked sterner and more resigned — the affable good-humored resignation of men who don't believe the world owes it to them to be orderly.

By evening the demonstration was over, the agricultural trade in their farmhouse watching themselves on television, and The Hague had returned to its usual dignified, pleasing historical air.

The ancient palace in which the Dutch parliament meets — once the Knight's Hall — rests on the banks of a grandiose moatwater lake. A high spume of water rises from the lake's center, gently washing the double line of surrounding dark trees. Nearby stands the Mauritshuis, built in 1633, which houses a priceless collection of Dutch masterworks by Rembrandt, Vermeer, Jan Steen and Rubens. The City Hall, dating from the 15th century, the Grote Kerk (Great Church), and the Koninklijk Paleis are all within walking distance of each other.

And then there is Madurodam. Any adult who still makes longingly at the model suburbs in disjunction street windows in Christmas is entranced by the Madurodam. Here are after all of miniature Dutch scenes: city neighborhood, historic churches, harbor, canals and aspects are reproduced in a scale of



4:100. And everything works perfectly. But nothing matches the excitement of Amsterdam: canal boats, bougainvillee, flower stalls, eccentric houseboats, medieval churches, Renaissance tapestries, Rembrandt's house, the Night Watch in the Rijksmuseum and the Van Gogh in the Municipal Museum make the city a paradise for art lovers. For other sorts of lovers there is the Salish's District, where the whores at windy in lighted windows, reading or kissing. Other, as if to reassure the world, a bed — plump and gleaming with white linen — forms a backdrop. When a customer appears, the lights go out and

the blinds go down. Half an hour later the lights come on again, the bed is freshly made, and the whore resumes her pose.

But in contrast to The Hague, Amsterdam seems stiff and warm down by the harbor of knowing that around its streets. If there were fewer Amsterdam last year, there were plenty of Germans, French, Japanese, Swedes and Italians trading readily from one landmark to another. Squads of young people, shivering backpacks and looking tired and apathetic, were everywhere.

The commercial town have grown shorter (the grates less unlitigable and the green lighter).

"We can get to Rotterdam in half an hour by road," the tour clerk said, referring me that the boat had been replaced by a sleek bus that reduced the reason trip to sleep and a half hour. No more strolling on slick watching water, windmills, canal gates, painting or laughing cyclists keeping pace with the boat — just a plastic bubble riding down the road.

Belgium was once a part of The Lowlands, the windy, windy meadows of the Rhine and Scheldt rivers. In 1930 economic and religious wars split the kingdom into Holland, where the people have a marvelous capacity for accepting difference and diversity, and Belgium, where they do not.

Brussels is chic and quickly gay, one end of the ancient city square is swash with flower stalls, the towers, bellies and spires that surround it have a lacy quality, gleaming the headsets of stone. But Brussels is reserved — as an island of French nationalism, language and culture in the midst of a Flemish, Catholic area.

While eating omelette in an Algerian restaurant in Brussels. I met Richard Decker-Trevene, local leader of the Flemish movement. The first system of working in Brussels he was happy to be home in Brussels where he could again speak Flemish.

Sol Littman is a free-lance writer, art critic and broadcaster.

CUTTY SARK scotch whisky



The only one of its kind

Belgium suffers racial conflicts a bit like Canada's but there the French-speaking people are characterized as the oppressors



"Imagine a capital in which the language of a majority (50%) of the country is not understood," he began. "You go into a store and the clerks either can't or won't speak Dutch. In Brussels, some bookshops stock only Finnish books and if you go into the public library they have to stand for a Dutch-speaking librarian before they can find your book."

The outstanding problems between the French-speaking Walloons and the Dutch-speaking Flemish continue to read like a bill of complaint tendered by René Lévesque to Ottawa. Only in this case it is the French who are typified as the oppressors, seeking to eradicate the Dutch language, smother Flemish abilities, withholding positions of management and trust. Largely because of these issues, Flanders has its own favor-

Drugs: Flareish and chosen, on luscious any full of carved stones, soaring cathedrals, gold houses, ramparts, water gates and windows that work well in a contemporary classical style. Quiet, beautiful it attracts tourists without intruding on them. Bold humans wave in the breeze, medieval processions are reenacted but with dignity, so that the city does not become a Rastana for the amusement of tourists.

It was also one of the most important and largest of the Flemish wool cities, but in the 16th century was blocked the canals that linked Bruges to the North Sea. The foreign merchants, who came to Bruges to trade raw materials for fine Flemish cloth, were induced to move to Antwerp. Instead of capturing its traditional wars to regain its preeminence, the city found a more modest prosperity in lace-making, or, as that survives even today

Even at the height of the tourist season, there is a subtle and charming about

A constant competition with Antwerp for the wool trade, and a free city eventually opened to dukes and emperors, Ghent was repeatedly sacked and burned, redevoted and displaced. Ghent could not outlast Antwerp's control of the route to the sea or meet the competition of English woolen mills, and by the time Belgium became independent Ghent had become an impoverished, shaver-ridden mill town — one of the worst casualties of the industrial revolution.

Here again, prosperity, however, with new chemical and petroleum industries and a new bridge joined to the sea. And judging by the number of multi-floors surrounding the medieval structures in the town centre, it feels secure enough of its future to again restore its past. Which is cause for celebration because this city's medieval core contains the magnificent abbeys of St. Basil and St. Peter the erude of Philip of Plaisance, princely residences and 13th-century hospitals. Close by are the gold houses, headquarters, meeting houses, library and defensive citadel of the hereditary nobles which constituted Ghent's abbeys, the city's medieval Ghent.

The Lowlands, vulnerable to the natural forces of the sea and to the political whims of their powerful European neighbors, have somehow maintained a sense of themselves, their ethnic traditions and their history. They have found the secret of survival in this modern world without having to surrender their identity. ☺

HOW TO GO, WHERE TO STAY

Air Canada, CP Air and KLM have regular Montreal to Amsterdam flights, and Air Canada and Sabena Airlines also fly Montreal to Brussels. Air Canada and CP operate summer charters from both Montreal and Toronto and Windsor runs one from Toronto. All the airlines have excursion fares as well. The cost ranges between \$349 (summer charter) to \$565 (peak season regular flight) in economy.

Broadly the Lowlands you have your choice of driving a rental car between the cities — along excellent roads — or taking trains, which are quite inexpensive. Amsterdam is Brussels, one way and second.

has, initially \$9.95 (First-class travel in Europe is less crowded, but less interesting and more expensive). The Hagia is no better than Amsterdam by train, and Regent, Orient and Agency are each about as busy here. Besides by rail, you could have no language problems in Holland — English is widely spoken — but may represent some in Belgium. Risk country has a fine range of hotels and information is available by seeing the Netherlands National Tourist Office, Suite 312A, P.O. Box 311, Royal Trust Tower, Toronto and the Belgian Tourist Office, 1821 Midland Avenue, Montreal.

Canada: The Heroic Beginnings



Hugh MacLennan
with Dr. Carolyn R. Eisele, 1998

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Pulp is compounded and treated according to the requirements of the finished paper and then fed onto paper-making machines.



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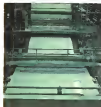
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Trees are one of Canada's most important natural resources, and fortunately, they're a renewable resource. But that's no excuse for waste. Paper, lumber and other building materials—the products of trees—are a major element in Canada's export trade.

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Lumber is another story.

Selected logs are delivered by truck from the bush camps. "The baby elephant" unloads them and stacks them.



IT DOESN'T HELP TO BE JEWISH IN MANITOBA

By Heather Robertson

Sidney Sprink (above) is an honorable man. The main criticism of him as a leader of Manitoba's Conservative Party is, in fact, that he's too nice a guy, too fair-minded, too naive, not willing enough to beat the NDP. The second criticism is that he's a progressive, "more socialist than the socialists," guarantees the party's neoconsistency (using the third criticism is that he happens to be a Jew).

Anti-Semitism is a fact of life in Manitoba. Everyone admits it; everyone deplores it. An enormous amount of energy is devoted toward eradicating it. Anti-Semitism has become a covert, subliminal, almost unconscious prejudice, a part of the language. You find yourself blushing not "He doesn't look Jewish" or "Don't try to Jew me down" without thinking and it's only if a Jew is there to look at you with a baleful eye that you even realize what you've said. You don't say it again. It's reverse racism, the liberal anti-Semitism of "Some of my best friends are Jews." Winnipeg has been proud of its reputation for tolerance, pointing to the number of Jews who have achieved social and political prominence, including Sid Sprink and former Liberal leader Izzy Asper. Anti-Semitism occasionally bubbles to the surface during elections, if it has been condemned as so illegitimate and disreputable political tactics. But that attitude appears to be changing, and it may destroy Sid Sprink's political career.

In his four years as opposition leader, Sprink hasn't lighted any fires, but he's qualified rebels against his leadership, colored interference from and brought enthusiasm to a shakily run democratic party. He didn't win the last election, but he has it, and out of a motley collection of smart men, he's chosen for the Conservative Party an image in a respectable alternative to the NDP government. He's received no thanks. Once more his leadership is under attack; he's been publicly rebuffed by members of his own party and chastised by his caucus. "What did he do?" He said simply, "I am a Jew."

A campaign of public harassment against Sprink began last August when Izzy Asper announced he was quitting. It made Sprink's position "intensely serious," wrote Frances Russell in the *Winnipeg Free Press*. "When both Liberal and Conservative parties had Jewish leaders, each competed on the other's argument. Now the Liberals are likely to get a non-Jewish leader, the coming year, the Conservatives will be impelled to do so as well." Miss Russell's article was ambiguous, she depicted anti-Semitism, yet she posed the question of religion, suggested that it was a serious concern to the Conservative Party, and left the impression that Sprink's leadership was in doubt.

In January, in announcing her candidacy for the Liberal leadership, Winnipeg councillor Rose Whitham stated: "The next leader of the Liberal Party has to be a Wasp. I cannot see success for any other kind of leader." Charles Halstead, a Wasp, was elected leader on February 22. He said that it was "a regrettable disability" for both Izzy Asper and Sid Sprink that they were Jews. No one challenged either remark.

A week prior to the Liberal convention word was leaked



to the *Free Press* of a contest within the Tory caucus and dissatisfaction with Sprink's leadership. His critics spoke harshly and publicly to the press; half-dozen articles were published about a general leadership review in the *Winnipeg Free Press* next December. The criticism was open to interpretation. "We just haven't been able to crystallize things," said an anonymous source. "It's a question of acceptability to the public," said deputy leader Harry Enns. Charles Halstead's remark came on the heels of this public bloodletting. Sprink drew the logical inference.

"I am a Canadian, I am also a Progressive Conservative and I am a member of the Jewish faith," he told the party's annual meeting March 8. "I am aware that no society is ever completely free from bigotry, and no party either. But I do not believe that my religion in any way affects my capacity to lead this party, nor exposes my ability to assume the responsibilities of power of this province." His audience sat transfixed, then rose to its feet in an ovation.

The next day Sid Sprink was violently attacked in the *Free Press*. He was accused, by Hubert, by Mike Nuytjes (a prominent Conservative and a Jew) and by Frances Russell, of attempting to brand all opposition to his leadership as anti-Semitism. Miss Russell wrote that he was using anti-Semitism as a "whipping boy" to gain sympathy. This theory was dutifully echoed by a column of columnists. Sid Sprink suddenly found himself on the role of villain, named as a clumsy, manipulative politician. Attempting to take the initiative against a potentially serious problem, he became the victim. It's not an unfamiliar position for a Jew.

"It had to be confronted," Sprink says. "I had entered the public arena. It could not be argued that it could be used to my advantage. I would not in any way jeopardize the Jewish community for political gain." I believe him. To suggest that is driving himself against whom he was winning acceptance, conditions in a hypothetical leadership race is ridiculous in the extreme.

"When people are looking for holes to punch in a guy, they'll use any weapon, and one of those weapons is anti-Semitism," says a prominent Conservative. Sprink made himself vulnerable, his enemies attacked. They used against him the very weapon they accused him of using against them.

What were Sid Sprink's friends? Signed and mostly ambiguous remarks (one of the most effective ways to avoid criticism is to deplore it) were met with a silence that implied tacit approval. Some people thought the statements too sharp to reply to; some Jews just that it tended to sap Jewish influence; it (the warring committee of the Canadian Jewish Congress, which normally jumps hard on a whisper of anti-Semitism, is chaired by a prominent Liberal in Manitoba) and many Waps are embarrassed.

Since created a ritual vicious, most people subsequently excused themselves on the grounds that it was a political fight. It is precisely when anti-Semitism becomes a political issue that it becomes deadly.

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